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CONTENTS.

I. THE FUR-SEALS OF COMMERCE, . . .	<i>Quarterly Review,</i> . . .	515
II. THE LITTLE SCHOOLMASTER MARK. By the Author of "John Inglesant," . . .	<i>English Illustrated Magazine,</i> . . .	524
III. LADY ANNE BARNARD AT THE CAPE, . . .	<i>Temple Bar,</i> . . .	542
IV. WILL NORWAY BECOME A REPUBLIC? . . .	<i>National Review,</i> . . .	546
V. THE WIZARD'S SON. Part XVIII, . . .	<i>Macmillan's Magazine,</i> . . .	555
VI. A KNIGHT-ERRANT'S PILGRIMAGE, . . .	<i>Temple Bar,</i> . . .	560
VII. MR. TROLLOPE AS CRITIC, . . .	<i>Spectator,</i> . . .	573
VIII. WHITBY IN THE HERRING SEASON, . . .	<i>Leeds Mercury,</i> . . .	575

POETRY.

LYRICS OF PERICLES,	514	THE LIGHT SHINING IN DARKNESS, . . .	514
I. Invocation to Ceres.		SONNET,	514
II. Fishermen's Song.			
III. March and Bacchanal.			

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LYRICS OF PERICLES.*

I. — INVOCATION TO CERES.

GODDESS of the golden horn,
 Plenty's queen when man was born,
 Hear us where we bend the knee
 To thine high divinity:
 Hear the infant's hungry cry,
 Mothers' prayer no more deny:
 Shed thy store o'er field and town,
 Ceres, send thy blessing down.

Want and Woe stalk hand in hand
 Through the parched and blighted land;
 Poppies o'er the leaguered plain
 Kiss to death the poisoned grain,
 And the wavy sheaves of gold
 Wither in their spectral fold:
 Wear again thine harvest-crown,
 Ceres, send thy blessing down.

II. — FISHERMEN'S SONG.

After the battle, the peace is dear,
 After the toil, the rest;
 After the storm, when the skies are clear,
 Fair is the ocean's breast.
 Out in the gold sunshine
 Throw we the net and line;
 The silvery chase to-day
 Calls us to work away,
 So throw the line, throw, — Yo, heave ho!

Fishers must work when the treacherous sea
 Smiles with a face of light,
 Though the deep bed, where their fortunes be,
 May be their grave ere night.
 Out in the gold sunshine
 Throw we the net and line;
 The silvery lives to-day
 Flash in the silver spray,
 So throw the line, throw, — Yo, heave ho!

III. — MARCH AND BACCHANAL.

Evoë, Bacchus, the king!
 Evoë, Bacchus, we sing!
 Cymbal and thyrsus we bring, Evoë!

Leaving Cithæron in shade,
 Come with the Graces arrayed,
 Come with the Asian maid, Evoë!

When Ariadne deplored
 Theseus her lover and lord,
 Thou wast the healer adored, Evoë!

Semele's offspring divine,
 Giver of glorious wine,
 Gladness and madness are thine, Evoë!

Come, then, our king in thy pride,
 Come on thy panther astride,
 Choose thee our fairest for bride, Evoë!

* Written for a proposed musical production of Shakespeare's play of "Pericles," arranged by Mr. John Coleman.

She whom thou wilt shall enfold
 Thee with her tresses of gold,
 Sounding thy pæan of old, Evoë!

Kiss her and lead her along,
 While we thy votaries throng
 Round with the mystical song, Evoë!
October, 1883. HERMAN MERIVALE.
 Spectator.

THE LIGHT SHINING IN DARKNESS.

"But it shall come to pass, that at evening time it shall be light." — ZECHARIAH XIV. 7.

The light of the sun is setting,
 And our hearts are sinking with fear;
 For the end of life is coming,
 And the unknown country is near.

And are we to die in darkness?
 In blindness our vessel to steer?
 Without any word of welcome,
 Or greeting, our spirit to cheer?

Surely, there's some one who loved us,
 Some loved one we held most dear,
 Would have seen our vessel tacking,
 Must have felt our spirit was near.

We've lived the whole of our lifetime
 Believing the love that was here;
 But now is the hour of darkness,
 And our heart is failing with fear.

But, lo! a spark has been kindled,
 And its light is shining and clear,
 Dazzling our eyesight that's waning
 And wasting with many a tear.

The light, that has often led us
 In our darkness, year after year;
 The light that was ever promised,
 At length is the light that is near.

Sunday Magazine.

SONNET.

O SUMMER of the saints, last yearning sigh
 Of earth fordone, full fraught with gentle
 peace!

Smile of reposeful Nature, fain to cease
 From labor and be locked in apathy,
 Dreaming of summer roses, and the cry
 Of fledglings, and the white lamb's innocent
 fleece,

Yet drowsily, as she had won a lease
 Of rest unblamed beneath a wintry sky,
 The breath of winged winds is on my face,
 Soft as a mother's touch; the golden Sun
 Drinks Earth's slow incense-fumes, as slow I
 pace

On pearly sands, from Ocean's empire won,
 By lapse of lulling waves that interlace
 And part, then up with sparkling laughter run.
 Spectator. E. D. S.

From The Quarterly Review.

THE FUR-SEALS OF COMMERCE.*

FORESIGHT has always been held to be one of the highest gifts that a statesman can possess, if it be not that which especially distinguishes him from his fellow-mortals. How far a late American secretary of state may have foreseen the advantageous nature (in certain particulars presently to be set forth) of the purchase made from the czar's government of what in our youth used to be called Russian America, needs not here to be considered. It is a matter of history that when on the 18th of October, 1867, the five or six hundred thousand square miles of territory now known as Alaska were ceded, through the negotiations of Mr. Seward and Prince Gortchakoff, by Russia to the United States, the latter became the owners of a much more valuable property than most of the world had any notion of. To Senator Sumner was delegated the task of recommending the purchase to his countrymen; but his eloquent speech on the occasion—to all appearance exhaustive of the prospective advantages of the proposed acquisition—did not even allude to what has since proved to be one of its richest natural resources. By his fellow-citizens in general, Mr. Seward's bargain—*Walrussia* they nicknamed the "Arctic estate" he had bought—was looked upon as a bad investment of capital—upwards of seven millions of hard dollars against rocks, icebergs, and acres of snowy wastes; but the thought that he had outwitted the British government, and (as the president, in his "Message" to Congress on the 9th of December, 1868, put it) established "republican principles" to the northward of our own Dominion on the Pacific, reconciled many ardent spirits to the step; so that in course of time the transaction came to be regarded with indifference, if not approbation, though perhaps there was some slight disappointment in the undoubted fact, that nobody in this country raised the least

remonstrance in regard to the transfer. Furthermore, there was a certain appeal to poetic sentiment in the thought that a region, which had been chosen as the type of desolation by the bard who sang "The Pleasures of Hope," had passed to the rule of the people who owned also the idyllic valley of Wyoming, and that

The wolf's long howl from Oonalaska's shore

would henceforth be an accompaniment to the patriotic strains of "Hail Columbia!"

But, in truth, whatsoever may be the future fortune of the continental portion of Mr. Seward's purchase, as yet its most valuable part consists of two small islands, wholly insignificant when we look them out on the map, and islands which the ordinary geographer may naturally scorn. They form the subject of the monograph whose title stands at the head of this article; and in telling their story as briefly as may be, and descanting upon some of their inhabitants, we hope we may contrive, not only to make their importance apparent to many of our countrymen, but even to interest some of our countrywomen, for, until imperious fashion rules otherwise, what garment is more cherished by the lady who has one, or more coveted by her who has not, than a "seal-skin"? Moreover, the story is so far instructive, that a moral may not impossibly be deduced from it.

In the first half of the preceding century, when, in a way that still seems to us marvellous, a handful of Russians and Cossacks—able men it needs not to say—with means disproportionately small to the end attained, had achieved the conquest of the "wilds immeasurably spread" which we now know as Siberia, and had extended the sway of the whilom dukes of Muscovy to the very easternmost limits of Asia, *plus ultra* was still the motto of the intrepid adventurers, and they lost no time in building barks that would enable them to explore the waters of the Pacific Ocean, the margin of which they had reached. Rich booty rewarded their earlier efforts. Not only the coasts of the continent—hitherto unvisited by Europeans—but island after island in succession—on many of which no man had

* *A Monograph of the Seal-Islands of Alaska.* By Henry W. Elliott. Reprinted, with additions, from the Report of the Fisheries Industries of the Tenth Census. Washington: Government Printing Office, 1882. 4to. With 2 maps and 29 plates.

ever set foot — equally yielded spoils of the greatest value. The spoils were those of the chase. From the very dawn of history, the dwellers in northern Asia, like the dwellers in northern Europe, had gone clad in the skins of wild beasts, and the protection of such vestments against an extremity of cold, which we in temperate Britain (from want of experience) can scarcely conceive, is to this day fully appreciated by their successors. Very variable was, and is, the worth of these skins. Some from their rarity, some from their beauty, some from their lightness and flexibility affording surpassing comfort to their wearer, bore a far higher price than others. While the parti-colored coat of the arctic squirrel, grey on the back and white on the sides, the origin of the heraldic *vair* — was hardly esteemed more than the lambskin in which the peasant clothed himself, the ivory-like hue of the ermine, set off with its black tail-tip, became identified with royal apparel,* and “a suit of sables” was too costly for anybody under princely rank. None but the very wealthy could afford to dress in martens’ fur, and skins of the blue and of the silver fox have always commanded a high price. The beaver it is only necessary to name. Great therefore was the delight of the Russian explorers, to find that the coasts and islands of their new acquisition abounded in an animal hitherto unknown to Europeans — an animal possessing fur that for warmth, softness, and rich color, at once ranked it among the choicest of its class. This animal was the singular sea-otter,† single skins of which, as we

are told by Pennant, fetched in his day from 15*l.* to 20*l.* According to all accounts it was guileless and very easily captured; and, with such a price upon its pelt, so unrelenting a pursuit of it was immediately carried on, that within a few years it was exterminated in the neighborhood of the Russian settlements, whether on the mainland or the adjacent islands. Then an active search was made for islands more remote, and these being one by one found, the same result followed, so far as they were concerned. But in the course of the explorations instituted and carried on with this intent — leading to the discovery of the Aleutian chain (which forms, as it were, a series of stepping-stones from Asia to America), and then, in 1768, to that of the peninsula to which the name Alaska (originally *Aliaska*) was at first confined — a second, equally novel, fur-bearing beast was observed, passing in countless numbers twice every year through the Aleutian channels. So long as sea-otters were forthcoming, this other beast, called by the Russians the “sea-cat,” was not thought of much value; but when their numbers declined from tens of thousands to hundreds, attention was directed to it as being a possible substitute for the fast-expiring species. But the “sea-cat” — which we may as well henceforward call the fur-seal — was a mysterious creature, whose whence and whither none could tell, though its comings and goings were most regularly timed. In the spring it went northward, in autumn it returned southward — punctual as the wild goose or the snow bunting; but no one had ever heard of its lingering, for an hour even, on a single rock or beach throughout the Aleutian chain or along the American coast. Its summer home and its winter retreat were alike wholly unknown, and pains were taken to find them. In these days of fast steamers, there would doubtless be not much difficulty in tracking the course or in keeping company with a shoal of migratory fur-seals; but we are probably not wrong in assuming that such a feat would be completely beyond the sailing powers of the only ships that the Russians had at their disposal in those waters. At any rate, it is

* The old story of the ermine (which is only our ill-smelling stoat in its winter dress) dying on the defilement of its coat, led to its being regarded as an emblem of purity, and hence arose the supposition that a judge’s robe was trimmed with its fur in token of his presumably unsullied character. But the story is of course fabulous, and judges appear rather to have worn ermine to show their exercise of power as the immediate representatives of the crown. Similarly, peers are arrayed in ermine to indicate their rank as comrades of the sovereign.

† The *Enhydris lutris* of modern zoology. Dr. Coues, in his “Fur-bearing Animals of North America” (Washington: 1877), gives an excellent account of this interesting animal, now threatened with extinction; and an admirable figure of it by Mr. Wolf will be found in the Proceedings of the Zoological Society of London for 1865 (plate vii.).

a fact that the fur-seals' summer home was not found until the year 1786, "after more than eighteen years of unremitting search by hardy navigators," as Mr. Elliott tells us. The discoverer, by name Gehrman Pribylov, was in command of a small sloop, the "St. George," engaged in the fur-trade; and, according to the same author, was much exercised in his mind by the declarations of an old Aleutian *shaman*, or priest, at Oonalaska, as to the existence of certain islands in the sea to the northward. This sea, now known as Bering's, from the distinguished navigator, as ill-fated in his life as in his posthumous reputation — since modern geographers with one accord agree to misspell his name * — cannot be said to possess one of the most delightful climates on the globe. Its summer is nearly always foggy, its winter frosty, and there are no intermediate seasons. Pribylov, having spent two summers in fruitless search of the wished-for islands, in June, 1786, came upon one of them, though the fog was so thick that he was for three weeks close to it without being able to see it — indeed, he could scarcely see the length of his own small ship; but the tumultuous murmur that rose from thousands upon tens of thousands of fur-seals struck his ears, and to his joy he knew that his object was attained. At last the fog lifted, and he was able to land, taking possession of his discovery and naming it after his sloop. The island being destitute of any harbor, he was forced to return to Oonalaska, taking with him a few skins, but leaving a party of men to winter on the newly-found land. They seem to have fared not amiss; and, in the following summer, when anxiously looking out for the relief-ship they had been promised, they in a

favorable hour descried the second of the two islands, which had hitherto been hidden by fogs from their sight. This they named after the saints — Peter and Paul — on whose joint feast-day the welcome apparition met their eyes; but the title has proved too long for ordinary use, the name of the chief of the apostles was soon dropped, and by that of the Apostle of the Gentiles alone has the island been for many years known. On the arrival of Pribylov it was speedily reached; and, to the surprise of the explorers, signs of a prior but recent occupation by man — embers of drift-wood, a pipe, and a knife-handle of brass — were discovered on its shores; but what interested them far more was, to find that the extraordinary abundance of animal life on St. George's Island was actually surpassed by that on St. Paul's.

The Pribylov Islands — as these two insignificant specks of land, the largest having an area of some thirty-three square miles only, are now generally called — lie in about latitude 56° north, and longitude 170° west, or a little short of it, on the eastern side of Bering's Sea, being that part of the North Pacific Ocean which is cut off from the rest by the long peninsula of Alaska and the Aleutian chain. Into this sea we are told that ocean currents, warmer than the normal temperature of the air, flow from the southward, and give rise during summer and early autumn to the dense and almost constant fogs before mentioned, which hang in heavy banks over the sea and its shores, seldom dissolving at that season in any other form than that of drizzling rain. About the middle or end of October, strong winds, cold and dry, sweep from the *tundras* of the north-eastern corner of Asia, and carry off the moisture. These, aided at intervals by violent gales, in time bring down vast fields of broken ice-floes, not very heavy or thick, but compactly covering the surface of the water, which, closing upon the islands, hush the wonted roar of the surf on their sloping beaches or steep cliffs. In some years they are thus blockaded by "the moving isles of winter" from December to May, or even June; but in others, though this does not

* On this topic Mr. Elliott expatiates at some length (pp. 151, 152), but no more than is necessary. Vitus Bering was a Dane by birth, and the family name — about the spelling of which there ought to be no sort of doubt — still exists in Denmark. It is to be remarked that Grieve, Pennant, and Pallas, as well as John Reinhold Forster (the companion of Cook), write *Bering*. Cox, King (the editor of the narrative of Cook's third and fatal voyage), and Beechey, have *Beerig*, which is wrong, but not so bad as the vulgar modern corruptions *Bhering* or *Behring*. It follows from this that we should write not only Bering's Sea, but Bering's Island and Bering's Strait.

often happen, not a floe is visible from the land in all that time. Usually, the turn of the season takes place in April, when the ice and snow disappear so rapidly, that by the beginning of May all is melted, and then returns the reign of fog. The number of clear days is exceedingly small, and the sun is rarely visible till the middle of August; these islands,

Where scarce a summer smiles,

being shrouded day after day in the reek which rolls thickly up from the sea. On the whole, the climate seems to be intensely "insular," as meteorologists say, and is on that very account sought by the greatest part of its animal population. In the winter, when the islands are all but deserted, ferocious storms, accompanied by snow, may rage for days together; but, considering the latitude, the temperature is seldom very low, the average of an ordinary season ranging from 22° to 26° of Fahr., and that of summer between 46° and 50°. When the sun does break out, the thermometer may rise to 60° or more in the shade, a "fervent heat," which the inhabitants, human and bestial, find to be far from agreeable.

It is now time to speak of these inhabitants, or some of them at least. We have already said that, when the islands were discovered by Pribylov and his men, no human beings were found upon them; but these have never been wanting since, and are mostly Aleuts, by birth or descent, with considerable intermixture, however, of Russian or Asiatic blood. Christians they are, at least in name; but, though fondly attached to the Orthodox Church, retaining not a few of their ancestral beliefs in Shamanism. Of their docile, courteous, and amiable disposition, Mr. Elliott speaks highly. Their greatest failing is an almost irrepressible love of drink, for which, unfortunately, the inhabitants of certain other islands cannot justly cast a stone at them; but in this respect there seems to have been a marked improvement of late years, thanks to the efforts of that gentleman, while residing among them as assistant agent of the treasury of the Federal government. The Alaska Commercial Company, to whom the islands are leased, has also done much to ameliorate the condition, both material and intellectual, of its servants, every able-bodied man on the islands being in its employment. In 1880 the population numbered three hundred and ninety souls, of whom more than three-fourths belonged to St. Paul's.

But our present business—as the title of this article shows—is with the fur-seals already mentioned, the animals to which the Pribylov Islands owe their importance. We have faint hope that we can succeed in imparting to our readers more than a portion of the pleasure with which we ourselves, several years ago, first read Mr. Elliott's account of these creatures,* and this in spite of his narrative being written in a style which we confess we do not highly admire. The arrangement of his facts is most unmethodical. His language is the purest American—the tongue that our descendants are perhaps one day to speak—but it is needless to anticipate an evil. The vigor of his expressions none can doubt, and occasionally they are embellished by a quaintness which raises a smile, where nothing humorous seems intended. That of course only shows our own stupidity; but still this combination of qualities hinders us from quoting several passages we should like to extract; and, if it is not always necessary to paraphrase our author, it is at least advisable to translate what he says into the English of the present period. This statement we make to meet the natural objection, that the very words themselves of a writer who has so good a right to be read, and has so much to tell, are far better than the renderings of a reviewer.

For the sake of some of our readers it will be expedient, before we go further, to explain what fur seals are, and briefly to show how they differ from other seals. There is no need to enter upon any very technical description, or to inflict upon those who are not zoologically-minded a lengthy zoological disquisition.† However, it may be necessary, even nowadays, to point out that seals are neither fishes nor whales, but aquatic members of the great order *Fera* of Linnæus, forming part of the *Carnassiers* of Cuvier, to

* This account was originally printed at Washington by the Treasury Department in 1871, as a "Report of the Pribylov Group, or Seal Islands of Alaska," and was illustrated by fifty photographs from the author's drawings. † For some reason, which has never been explained satisfactorily or otherwise, only seventy-five impressions were struck off, and it is in consequence one of the rarest books to be found in a zoological library. We know of only four copies in this country. All the letter-press is reprinted, together with much additional matter, and many of the illustrations are reproduced, in the volume now under review.

† Those who wish to be more deeply informed on the subject may with advantage consult, not only Mr. Elliott's work, but the excellent paper by Mr. J. W. Clark in the Proceedings of the Zoological Society of London for 1875 (p. 650), as well as two admirable papers by Dr. Murie in the Transactions of the same society (vols. vii. and viii.).

which belong cats, dogs, bears, and many other flesh-eating and fish-eating quadrupeds. Moreover, it must be observed that the animals known generally as "seals" comprehend two very distinct groups, or as naturalists term them, families — the *Phocidae* and the *Otariidae* — the latter distinguishable at first sight by the presence of small external ears (whence their name), and the power of bringing forward their hind limbs so as to use them in the act of progression, while in the former the hind limbs are almost functionless except in the water. Hence it follows that the otaries are able to travel on land for a considerable distance, and their activity may be appreciated by those who have seen the living examples, exhibited — generally under the name of sea-bear or sea-lion — in zoological gardens and elsewhere. To the otaries belong the fur-seals, but all otaries do not bear fur — at least in their adult condition; and, on this account, a further division has been attempted by some systematists, based on this external character. The number of species of fur-seals existing is still open to doubt; but it seems most likely that there are not fewer than four, of which that resorting to the Pribilof Islands is the *Otaria ursina*, or *Callorhinus ursinus*, of scientific writers. No living example of it appears to have ever been brought to Europe; * but the numerous figures whereby Mr. Elliott's volume is illustrated — all taken, as he assures us and we may well believe, from the life — show that, to some extent, in its physiognomy and in most of its attitudes, it strongly resembles those of its better-known brethren, the sea-bears, which are familiar to visitors at the Regent's Park, and the Aquarium at Brighton. These drawings of Mr. Elliott's will be to many eyes the most pleasing feature of his book, and they certainly prove him to have much more than the ordinary artistic faculty which so often only wofully caricatures living animals.†

* Mr. Elliott states that all attempts to keep the *Otaria ursina* in confinement have hitherto failed; but we think it is probable that if renewed with due care they would be successful. The *Otaria californiana*, which inhabits the western coasts of North America to the southward of the Pribilof Islands, is not unfrequently seen in European *vivaria*.

† Some of Mr. Elliott's original pictures, from which the illustrations in his book are taken, may have been seen by our readers at South Kensington, as they were contributed by the United States' Commission of Fish and Fisheries to the recent International Exhibition. The spirit which these works display is indeed very great, and no one can examine them without feeling assured of the fidelity with which he has portrayed the different animals and scenes they represent. In partic-

ular we should mention, though the subject is rather wide of our present scope, the very remarkable study of the walrus of the North Pacific Ocean which is engraved in his volume (plate xxi.), and completely changes all pre-existing notions as to the appearance of that singular monster. To the same exhibition was also sent a large group of stuffed specimens of the fur-seal of the Pribilof Islands, which, when first set up, must have been extremely lifelike — the attitudes in which they are mounted having evidently been copied from his figures — but long exposure to light and dust has seriously impaired their beauty.

asunder. With marvellous fortitude she bears this treatment, and utters not a cry of suffering or complaint at the savage usage. All this too takes place at a critical moment; for it frequently happens that no sooner is she lodged, and sometimes before her dripping fur has dried, than she becomes a mother. Meanwhile her lord and master is ever intent upon new conquests, whether in love or war, and upon protecting those he has already achieved from his less lucky neighbors, always on the look-out for any "errant fair" that chance or wayward disposition may induce to stray, be it but for two or three yards. Fortunately for him the greatest recreation of the ladies of his selection — whom the English-speaking inhabitants vulgarly denominate "cows" — seems to be sleep, though (as Mr. Elliott tells us) the sleep of the fur-seal is the very reverse of calm, and is accompanied by so much restlessness and muscular action, apparently involuntary, that the influence of the drowsy deity is of the slightest. When awake too, besides the ordinary cares of mammalian maternity, they find occupation in fanning and scratching themselves with their broad hind-flippers; for with all delicacy we must confess in sorrow that these pure ocean nymphs are not free from the attentions of that familiar little beast which, according to Sir Hugh Evans, "signifies love." So passes away their summer. If the weather be warm, the fanning is more and more vigorously performed; and should a sun-burst raise the temperature to the "fervent heat" before mentioned, away they go for a plunge in the sea, leaving their sultan, the "bull" or "seecatch" as he is commonly called, in disconsolate loneliness. His life, however, is far different. To act on the principle of *parta tueri* is his inevitable lot. Never can he close his eyes without risk of his odalisques being borne off by a rival. Never can he stir from his own station without the certainty of having to fight for his life. Perseus is chained to the rock, and his countless Andromedas are at the mercy of any number of monsters of his own kin! In this best of all possible worlds, his fate — nay, his very existence — must seem to him, if a sultan fur-seal can philosophize, to require some explanation. By courage and sheer strength he has gained his position, his rank, his harem. He has braved countless perils by land and by water. In his youth he has escaped the massacre of his brethren (of which more will presently be said) at the hand of murdering man,

and the fangs of the deadly grampus, or still more cruel shark. All this to pass weeks, nay months, agitated by the deepest passions that leave

the kingly couch

A watch-case, or a common 'larum-bell.

Better be content, like his cousin the hair-seal, with a single spouse, and be free to sleep, swim, dive, or fish, at pleasure; for, in addition to his wakefulness, hunger and thirst he must endure, as it is a proved fact that from the time he takes up his post in May, till he finally quits it at the close of summer, the seecatch neither eats nor drinks, and it is no wonder that, when his season's watching is over, he is reduced in bulk and weight to about a sixth of his former being. But it is not for us to solve the problem. Our sultan does as have done his forefathers for untold generations, and, as we shall immediately see, it is to the polygamous habit of the fur-seal, that it not only owes its chance of maintaining its existence, but that mankind is able to profit thereby.

But while all this is going on, another and very remarkable incident in the life-history of the species has to be considered. When the females follow their future lords to the islands, they are preceded or accompanied by troops of young males, varying in age from one summer to four or five, and not yet arrived at the dignity of "seecatchie." They are called "bachelors" — in Russ *holoshcheekie* — and are sportive and gay as befits their name. On them depends the value of these distant possessions, for, under the wise regulations which happily exist in the Pribylov Islands, these "bachelors" alone are allowed to be taken. Practically they are as numerous as the females — their mothers or sisters. Wholly careless, they fish, doze, and merrily gambol in shoals round the shores, springing aloft into the air for very joy; or, landing, lie lazily in herds upon the beach for hours at a time, and then wander for a mile into the interior — ascending steepes which it would seem impossible for a man to climb, and playing with one another like puppies — rolling and crushing the vegetation till it is worn away. Then, tired with their exertions, they suddenly sink for a few moments into their usual restless sleep, awakening to pursue the same round of amusement. But woe be to that one of them who transgresses the boundary of the places appropriated by the elders of their kind. True that in some of the "rookeries" (as these places are named)

a right of way, through the herds of females and newly-born that throng the ground, is accorded to the "bachelors" by the sufferance of the patriarchs; but the way is of the straitest, and though traversed day and night by constant files, each passenger must keep strictly to the path, and even loitering brings upon him condign punishment from the nearest seecatch.

All the fur-seals while on the island, like many other animals in their breeding-haunts, show little fear of man. One may walk into the midst of a troop of these "bachelors," and they will but make way for a few yards, dividing right and left, staring at the stranger with their large, soft eyes, and closing behind him as he passes on. It is this habit which makes their capture so simple, easy, and sure. And now we have the story of destruction to relate. On certain nights in the months of June and July, men told off to the duty leave their villages before daybreak, and quietly walk between the sea and the slumbering herd of "bachelors," who, aroused one by one, scramble inland till a drove, consisting of about the number that may be required, is formed, and leisurely urged in the proper direction by the drivers in the rear and on the flanks of the intended victims. The rate of progress is slow, not more than about half a mile in the hour; for though the seals can move at much more than twice that pace, especially for a short distance, it is most important that they should not be overheated. To that end frequent pauses of some minutes' duration are made, the drivers falling back, and many of the animals that appear to be already exhausted by the journey, so far as it is accomplished, are left behind unmolested — to recover if they can. When the drove seems to be sufficiently rested, the men again advance with a shout, clattering together a few bones that they carry for the purpose, and off it moves again towards the appointed place, near the sheds which are fitted with the necessary appliances for what is to follow. All this time the "bachelors" make no more attempt at resistance than so many sheep would do; and, indeed, it gives us satisfaction to state that far more humanity seems to be shown to them than ordinarily in England to sheep driven to the slaughter-house. Arrived on the killing-ground, the fated creatures are once more left to rest themselves and get cool. Then the male population of the village turns out — each of them furnished with

a short bludgeon, two knives (one for stabbing and one for removing the skin), and a whetstone. At a signal from the *teeyoon* or foreman, about one hundred or one hundred and fifty seals are separated from the rest, and driven a little way apart, into as close a compass as possible. The chief then closely surveys each individual of the "pod," as it is termed, passes the word that such or such a seal has been bitten so that its skin is injured, is too young or too old, and the men take mental note of his orders. Then he gives the order "Strike." Instantly the heavy clubs come down on the head of every animal that is not to be spared, and it is stretched stunned and motionless in less time, says Mr. Elliott, than it takes to tell. Thereupon the clubs are dropped, the men drag out the prostrate bodies, and spread them on the ground so as not to touch one another, plunging as speedily as possible a knife into the heart of each that the blood may flow out, since, if this be not done at once, the carcass will "heat," and the skin prove worthless. This operation finished, that of skinning follows. So expert are the best men that they will remove the hide from a seal of fair size in a minute and a half; but few are so expeditious, and on an average the skinning of each body (the limbs and head being left) takes about four minutes. This is, however, very laborious work, and it is needless to say that the knife must not slip and cut the skin, for in that case it is not paid for. The hides when removed are carried to a large, barn-like wooden structure, and after being carefully examined are laid upon one another in bins, with salt properly spread upon their inside. In two or three weeks' time they are sufficiently pickled, and may be taken out, rolled into bundles of two skins each, with the hair outside, and, when tightly corded, are ready for shipment. In former days they were dried in the open air without any preservative, and in consequence were very liable to decay.

What seems the most unsatisfactory part of the whole proceeding is that the flayed carcasses of the seals are left to rot on the ground, with a result that may be imagined; but, according to Mr. Elliott, the most sensitive nose, after only a couple of months' experience, becomes wholly used to the odor given off, and the cool, sunless weather, even during the warmest months, has doubtless much to do with checking decomposition, while the boisterous winds, so very prevalent, help to keep the island healthy. Nevertheless

on the melting of the snow in spring the olfactories of a stranger suffer, in that gentleman's words, "terrific punishment" from the remains of the preceding year's crop of seals — still lying "unburied on the plain;" but the live seals are perfectly indifferent to this, though, as every anatomist and seal-shooter knows, their sense of smell is most acute. All attempts to utilize the seals' flesh — save a very inconsiderable portion which is eaten by the inhabitants — have hitherto failed; and the oil that the carcasses furnish is so small in quantity and poor in quality as not to repay the trouble and expense of extracting it.

It will be already inferred from what was before said, as to the Pribylov Islands being more thickly peopled with the higher animal life than any other spots on the globe of similar area, as well as from some incidental remarks, that the number of fur-seals there must be enormous. Mr. Elliott was at first wholly unable to make any computation of it that he could consider trustworthy; but repeated observation convinced him of the orderly way in which the animals distributed themselves without crowding one another, on the breeding-grounds or "rookeries," which were invariably covered by them in exactly the same proportion. "The seals," he says, "lie just as thickly together where the rookery is boundless in its eligible area to their rear and unoccupied by them, as they do in the little strips which are abruptly cut off and narrowed by rocky walls behind. For instance, on a rod of ground, under the face of bluffs which hemmed it in to the land from the sea, there are just as many seals, no more and no less, as will be found on any other rod of rookery ground throughout the whole list, great and small; always exactly so many seals, under any and all circumstances, to a given area of breeding-ground." This fact being determined, all that was needed was to make an accurate survey and measurement of the extent of the several breeding-grounds on each island; and thus he arrived at the conclusion, that St. George's is inhabited by one hundred and sixty-three thousand four hundred and twenty breeding and newly-born fur-seals, while no fewer than three million and thirty thousand of the same occupy the wider and more numerous stations at St. Paul's. But these numbers are exclusive of the "bachelors" before mentioned, which from their discursive habits are far more difficult to reckon. These young males between the

ages of one year and six years seem to be as numerous as the adult breeding fur-seals; but, without putting them at so high an estimate, Mr. Elliott is persuaded that a million and a half is quite within the bounds of fact, and this "makes the grand sum total, of the fur-seal life in the Pribylov Islands, over forty-seven hundred thousand." He further calculates that a million of young fur-seals are born every year on these islands; and taking one half (as we may fairly do) to be males, the slaughter of which alone is permitted, the one hundred thousand which the Alaska Commercial Company is allowed by its charter to kill, amounts to one in five. He was at first disposed to think that this number might be increased without injuring the stock; but on further reflection, after taking into consideration the casualties which must happen to the young — especially during the winter months when they are absent from the islands and exposed to their natural enemies, to say nothing of about five thousand which may be taken yearly by men in the Aleutian channels or at sea — he concluded that it would be better to "let well alone." Herein he is probably right, for, owing to the polygamous nature of the species, the present wise arrangement of the United States authorities and the Alaska Company justifies the expectation, that there is no greater fear of the stock of fur-seals diminishing by the annual destruction of one hundred thousand of its young males, than there is of a prudent farmer's flock or herd being reduced by draughting its superfluous yearly increase.* At the same time it is also satisfactory to know that in accordance with Mr. Elliott's recommendation a strict watch seems to be kept, so as to detect, if possible, any sign of diminution. The chief risk appears to be that of an epidemic seizing the animals, and this risk seems to us to be increased by the practice of leaving the carcasses unburied, in defiance of all the laws of sanitation. There is some reason to think that in 1836 such a visitation did occur, but the extremely unsystematic way in which the slaughter was carried on in those days, and the statistics of the islands were kept, obscures the cause of the sudden diminution which was then undoubtedly observed.

* This arrangement is said to be due to the foresight of Mr. H. M. Hutchinson, of New Hampshire, and Captain Ebenezer Morgan of Connecticut, who visited the islands in 1863, and rightly judged that unless restrictions were put upon the slaughter of the fur-seals, another season would have seen the end of them.

In this connection another matter must be mentioned, and that is the steady improvement in the quality of the animal's pelt during the first three or four years of its life. The very best furs are those from males of three years old, whose skin has an average weight of seven pounds; but the animals of four years have fur hardly, if at all, inferior, while their skins weigh twelve pounds. At five years the skin weighs more still, but what is called the "wig" — a mass of coarse hair on the shoulders — appears, and destroys the uniformity required in a pelt of the first quality, so that it does not pay to kill an animal of this age; while older animals, in addition to a greater development of "wig," begin to have a thinner fur, and are absolutely profitless in the trade.

All the skins from the Pribylov Islands come to London, where the final operations of dressing and dyeing them are performed, at a cheaper rate than can be done elsewhere. The dressing consists chiefly of extracting all the hairs, and leaving only the fur which grows at their base. For a long while this was done by plucking out each hair separately — a slow and costly process. But at last the fur-dressers became aware of a fact, which almost any naturalist might have told them, even if they did not sooner observe it themselves. This fact is that the hairs are much more deeply rooted than the fur, and accordingly if the inside of the skins be scraped away, or pared down with a currier's knife, the roots of the hair are cut through, and the hair easily brushed off with the hand, the fur remaining attached to the skin, which is thus rendered very little thicker than a kid glove. This fur is curly, and generally of a light brown color, varying slightly in shade in the different parts. To render it uniform in tint it is accordingly dyed, and in the process of dyeing the ends untwist themselves and the fur becomes smooth and ready for use.*

Of the actual profits made out of the Pribylov fur-seals we have insufficient data to form an estimate; but it is certain that the Alaska Commercial Company has a very good thing of their monopoly, though it pays the government of the United States a yearly rent of fifty-five thousand dollars, besides two dollars on each skin taken — the number paid for being as nearly as possible the limited

one hundred thousand — amounting in all to an annual income of two hundred and fifty-five thousand dollars, or a very fair interest on the original outlay of seven million, two hundred thousand dollars for the whole territory, and an income that is likely to be permanent, provided that the fashion of wearing seal-skin, and the effective protection of the animals, continue.

Let us now turn to other parts of the world and see, if we can, what we have lost or are daily losing through our own improvidence. The islands in Bass's Strait between Australia and Tasmania were at the beginning of the present century as fully stocked with fur-seals of another species (perhaps *Otaria forsteri*),* as are the Pribylovs at this day. But not many years ago Mr. Clark was told by a friend who knew the locality, that he should as soon expect to meet a fur-seal on London Bridge as anywhere near Australia, though warning had been given in the colonies themselves, so early as 1826, of what was coming to pass. Yet there are islands further to the southward in which the same species still exists; and Mr. A. W. Scott, writing ten years ago, said that "they need only the simple regulations enforced by the American legislature to resuscitate the present state of decay of a once remunerative trade, and to bring into full vigor another important export to the many we already possess."† Not twenty years since, the Cape of Good Hope could still send a thousand skins of its small fur-seal (*Otaria antarctica*) to the London market,‡ but this was nearly the last "parcel" received from that quarter; though in 1871 Sir Henry Barkly presented a living example of the species to the Zoological Society, which has been seen, no doubt, by many of our readers. A still more striking case is that afforded by the Falkland Islands, which, little more than one hundred years ago, excited so deep an interest in this country that a war with Spain concerning them was imminent, and the majestic pen of Samuel Johnson was employed to allay the feverish spirit manifested by the nation. This

* The determination, and consequently the nomenclature, of the different species of fur-seals is still in a very unsettled condition, and it seems quite possible that some of them will be extirpated before the labors of naturalists in that direction be ended.

† Mammalia, Recent and Extinct. Sydney: 1873. Preface, p. vii.

‡ Mr. Bartlett, the well-known superintendent of the Zoological Society's Gardens, has obliged us with the sight of a catalogue of nine hundred and twenty such skins which were sold by auction in London on the 1st of March, 1867.

* See "Sea-Lions," one of the Davis Lectures delivered at the Gardens of the Zoological Society by Mr. John Willis Clark, and afterwards published in the *Contemporary Review* for December, 1875.

he could best do by representing the islands as valueless. England's only object in holding them, he wrote, would be to establish there "a station for contraband traders, a nursery of fraud, and a receptacle of theft." It was nothing to him that "of useless animals, such as sea-lions and penguins," which somebody had called vermin, "the number was incredible." If the Parliamentary opposition of those days had only known what this admission meant, the warlike feeling would have been uncontrollable! But when we call to mind the cost of life, suffering, and money, at which ship after ship — man-of-war, letter-of-marque, and buccaneer — was impelled round Cape Horn to plunder the Spanish possessions in the Pacific and return with its scanty crew of scurvy-stricken survivors, we cannot help regretting what might have been effected with half the energy and none of the bloodshed — human, at least — by a settlement in the Malouines, and a properly conducted system of taking the seals. What their present state is — if we may be permitted to use the present tense in speaking of 1868, the date of our latest information — may be judged from the fact that, when in that year the old Frenchman, Lecomte, whom many of our readers will remember as the "keeper of the seals" in the Zoological Gardens, was sent thither, the fur-seals had dwindled to some hundred or hundred and fifty, which owed their safety to their taking refuge on some rocks which the violence of the surf renders inaccessible to man.* The Falkland Islands are stated to have an extent of four thousand seven hundred and forty square miles, their population a year or two ago is said to have been one thousand five hundred and forty-three, and the amount of their public revenue 5,519*l*. What a contrast between these figures and the 51,000*l*. or thereabouts paid yearly in rent and taxes alone by the Alaska Company to the United States as the products of the two tiny islets in Bering's Sea, inhabited by three hundred and ninety human beings — which sum, and much more than we can estimate besides, is derived from the fur-seals of commerce!

It is not for us to say where the fault lies. That we have been guilty of short-sighted folly none can doubt, and few can doubt that this short-sighted folly still continues — not only in the Southern

Ocean, but even on the ice-floes of the North Atlantic in the case of the hair-seals. When will men profit by the old fable of the goose and the golden eggs?

From The English Illustrated Magazine.
THE LITTLE SCHOOLMASTER MARK.

A SPIRITUAL ROMANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN INGLESANT."

I.

THE court chaplain Eisenhart walked up the village street towards the school-house. It was April, in the year 1750, and a soft west wind was blowing up the street, across the oak woods of the near forest. Between the forest and the village lay a valley of meadows, planted with thorn-bushes and old birch-trees with snow-white stems: the fresh green leaves trembled continually in the restless wind. On the other side of the street a lofty crag rose precipitously above a rushing mountain torrent. This rock is the spur of other lofty hills, planted with oak and beech trees, through the openings of which a boy may frequently be seen, driving an ox or gathering firewood on his half-trodden path. Here and there in the distance the smoke of charcoal-burners ascends into the sky. Between the street and the torrent stand the houses of the village, with high-thatched roofs and walls of timber and of mud, and, at the back, projecting stages and steps above the rushing water. A paradise in the late spring, in summer, and in autumn, these wild and romantic woods, traversed only by a few forest paths, are terrible in winter, and the contrast is part of their charm. The schoolhouse stands in the upper part of the village, on the opposite side of the street to the rest of the houses, looking across the valley to the western sun. Two large birch-trees are before the open door. The court chaplain pauses before he goes in.

How it comes to pass that a court chaplain should be walking up the street of this forest village we shall see anon.

At first sight there does not seem to be much schoolwork going on. A boy, or we should rather say a child, of fifteen is seated at an open window, looking over the forest. He is fair-haired and blue-eyed; but it is the deep blue of an angel's, not the cold, gray blue of a courtier's eyes. Around him are seated several children, both boys and girls; and, far

* Proceedings of the Zoological Society of London for 1868, page 523.

from teaching, he appears to be relating stories to them. The story, whatever it is, ceases as the court chaplain goes in, and both *raconteur* and audience rise.

"I have something to say to thee, schoolmaster," said the chaplain; "send the children away. Thou wilt not teach them anything more to-day, I suspect."

The children went away lingeringly, not at all like children just let loose from school.

When they were gone the expression of the chaplain's face changed—he looked at the little schoolmaster very kindly, and sat down on one of the benches, which were black and worn with age.

"Last year, little one," he said, "when the Herr Rector took thee away from the Latin school and from thy father's tailoring, and confirmed thee, and thou tookest thy first communion, and he made thee schoolmaster here, many wise people shook their heads. I do not think," he continued, with a smile, "that they have ceased shaking them when they have seen in how strange a manner thou keepest school."

"Ah, your Reverence," said the boy eagerly, "the good people are satisfied enough when they see that their children learn without receiving much correction; and many of them even take pleasure in the beautiful tales which I relate to the children, and which they repeat to them. Every morning, as soon as the children enter the school, I pray with them, and catechise them in the principles of our holy religion, as God teaches me, for I use no book. Then I set the children to read and to write, and promise them these charming tales if they learn well. It is impossible to express with what zeal the children learn. When they are perverse or not diligent I do not relate my histories, but I read to myself."

"Well, little one," said the court chaplain, "it is a strange system of education, but I am far from saying that it is a bad one. Nevertheless it will not last. The Herr Rector has his eye upon thee, and will send thee back to thy tailoring very soon."

The tears came into the little schoolmaster's eyes, and he turned very pale.

"Well, do not be sad," said the chaplain. "I have been thinking and working for thee. Thou hast heard of the prince, though thou hast, I think, never seen the pleasure-palace, Joyeuse, though it is so near."

"I have seen the iron gates with the golden scrolls," said the boy. "They are

like the heavenly Jerusalem; every several gate is one pearl."

The chaplain did not notice the confused metaphor of this description.

"Well," he said, "I have been speaking to the prince of thee. Thou knowest nothing of these things, but the prince has lived for many years in Italy, a country where they do nothing but sing and dance. He has come back, as thou knowest, and has married a wife, according to the traditions of his race. Since he came back to Germany he has taken a fancy to this forest lodge, for at first it was little more, and has garnished it and enlarged it according to his southern fancies; that is why he likes it better than his princely cities. He has two children—a boy and a girl—eight or nine, or thereabouts. The princess is not a good woman. She neglects her children, and she prefers the princely cities to her husband, to her little ones, and to the beautiful forests and hills."

The little schoolmaster listened with open eyes. Then he said, beneath his breath,—

"How Satanic that must be!"

"The prince," continued the court chaplain, "is a beautiful soul *manqué*, which means spoilt. His sister, the princess Isoline von Isenberg-Wertheim, is such a soul. She has joined herself to a company of pious people who have taken an old manor-house belonging to the prince on the farther side of the palace gardens, where they devote themselves to prayer, to good works, and to the manufacture of half-silk stuffs, by which they maintain themselves and give to the poor. The prince himself knows something of such feelings. He indeed knows the way of piety, though he does not follow it. He acknowledges the grace of refinement which piety gives, even to the most highly-bred. He is particularly desirous that his children should possess this supreme touch. Something that I told him of thee pleased his fancy. Thy strange way of keeping school seemed to him very new; more especially was he delighted with that infancy story of thee and old Father Stalher. The old man, I told the prince, came in to thy father's for his new coat and found thee reading. Reading, in any one, seemed to Father Stalher little short of miraculous; but in a child of eight it was more—it was elfish."

"What are you doing there, child?" said Father Stalher.

"I am reading."

"Canst thou read already?"

"That is a foolish question, for I am a human being," said the child, and began to read with ease, proper emphasis, and due distinction.

"Stalher was amazed, and said, —

"The devil fetch me, I have never seen the like in all my life."

"Then little Mark jumped up and looked timidly and carefully round the room. When he saw that the devil did not come, he went down on his knees in the middle of the floor and said, —

"O God! how gracious art thou."

"Then, standing up boldly before old Stalher, he said, —

"Man, hast thou ever seen Satan?"

"No."

"Then call upon him no more."

"And the child went quietly into another room."

"And I told the prince what thy old grandfather used to say to me."

"The lad is soaring away from us; we must pray that God will guide him by his good spirit."

"When I told all this to the prince, he said, —

"I will have this boy. He shall teach my children as he does the village ones. None can teach children as can such a child as this."

The little schoolmaster had been looking before him all the time the chaplain had been speaking, as though in something of a maze. He evidently saw nothing to wonder at in the story of himself and old Stalher. It seemed to him commonplace and obvious enough.

"I shall send up a tailor from Joyeuse to-morrow," said the chaplain; "a court tailor, such as thou never sawest, nor thy father either. He must measure thee for a court suit of black. Then we will go together, and I will present thee to the prince."

II.

A FEW days after this conversation there was a melancholy procession down the village street. The court chaplain and the schoolmaster walked first; the boy was crying bitterly. Then followed all the children of the school, all weeping, and many peasant women, and two or three old men. The rector stood in a corner of the churchyard under a great walnut-tree and looked on. He did not weep. The court chaplain looked ashamed, for all the people took this misfortune to be of his causing.

When they had gone some way out of the village, the children stopped, and, col-

lecting into a little crowd, they wept more than ever. The chaplain turned round and waved his hand, but the little schoolmaster was too troubled to take any farewell. He covered his face with his hands and went on weeping bitterly. At last they passed away out of sight.

When they had gone on some distance, the boy became calmer; he took his hands from his face, and looked up at the chaplain through his tears.

"What am I to do when I come to the prince, your Reverence?" he said.

"Thou must make a bow as best thou canst," said the other; "thou must not speak till the prince speaks to thee, and thou must say 'Highness' sometimes, but not too often."

"How am I to tell when to say 'Highness' and when to forbear?" said the boy.

"Ah! that I cannot tell thee. Thou must trust in God; he will show thee when to say 'Highness' and when not."

They went forward in this way across the meadows, and through the scattered forest for two leagues or more, in the midday heat. The boy was not used to labor, and he grew very tired and unhappy. It seemed to him that he was leaving behind all that was fair and true and beautiful, and going to that which was false and garish and unkind. At last they came to an open drive, or avenue of the forest, where great oaks were growing. Some distance up the avenue they saw a high park pale stretching away on either hand, and in the centre of the drive were iron gates covered with gilt scrolls and letters. The court chaplain pushed the gates open, and they went in.

Inside, the forest drive was planted with young trees in triple rows. After walking for some distance they reached another gate, similar to the first, but provided with *loges*, or guardrooms on either side. One or two soldiers were standing listlessly about, but they took no heed. Here the drive entered the palace gardens, laid out in grass-plots and stone terraces, and crossed by lofty hedges which shut out the view. They approached the long façade of a house with pointed roofs and green shutter blinds to all the windows. Here the chaplain left the path, and conducted his companion to a remote side entrance; and, after passing through many passages and small rooms, at last left him to the tender mercies of the court tailor and some domestics, at whose hands the little schoolmaster suffered what appeared to him to be unspeakable indignities. He was washed from

head to foot, his hair was cut, curled, and frizzled, and he was finally arrayed in a plain suit of black silk; with silk stockings and delicate shoes; with silver buckles and plain linen bands like a clergyman. The worn homespun suit that had become dear to him was ruthlessly thrown upon a dust-heap, and a messenger was sent to Herr Chaplain that his *protégé* was now fit to be presented to the prince.

The boy could scarcely restrain his tears; he felt as though he were wandering through the paths of a miserable dream. Ah! could he only awake and find himself again in the old schoolhouse, narrating the adventures of the Fair Melusina to the attentive little ones.

The chaplain led him up some back stairs, and through corridors and ante-rooms, all full of wonderful things, which the boy passed bewildered, till they reached a small room where were two boys apparently of his own age. They appeared to have been just engaged in punching each other's heads, for their hair was disordered, their faces red, and one was in tears. They regarded the chaplain with a sullen suspicion, and the schoolmaster with undisguised contempt. The door at the farther side of the room was partly open, the chaplain scratched upon it, and receiving some answer, they went in.

The little schoolmaster dared scarcely breathe when he got into the room, so surprising was all he saw. To the left of the door, as they came in, was placed a harpsichord, before which was standing with her back towards them, a young girl whose face they could not see; by her side, at the harpsichord, was seated an elderly man upon whom the boy gazed with wonder, so different was he from anything that he had ever seen before; opposite to them, in the window, hung a canary in a cage, and the boy perceived, even in the surprise of the moment, that the bird was agitated and troubled. But the next moment all his attention was absorbed by the figure of the prince, who was seated on a couch to the right of the room, and almost facing them. To say that this was the most wonderful sight that the little schoolmaster had ever seen would be to speak foolishly, for he had seen no wonderful sights, but it surpassed the wildest imagination of his dreams. The prince was a very handsome man of about thirty-five, of a slight and delicate figure, and of foreign manners and pose. He was dressed in a suit of what seemed to the boy a wonderful white cloth, of a

soft material, embroidered in silk, with flowers of the most lovely tints. The coat was sparingly ornamented in this manner, but the waistcoat, which was only partly seen, was a mass of these exquisite flowers. At his throat and wrists were masses of costly lace, and his hair was frizzled, and slightly powdered, which increased the delicate expression of his features, which were perfectly cut. He lay back on the couch, caressing with his right hand a small monkey, also gorgeously dressed, and armed with a toy sword, who sat on the arm of the sofa cracking nuts, and throwing the shells upon the carpet.

The prince looked up as the two came in, and waved his disengaged hand for them to stand back, and the next moment the strange phantasmagoria, into which the boy's life was turned, took another phase, and he again lost all perception of what he had seen before; for there burst into the little room the most wonderful voice, which not only he and the chaplain, but even the *maestro* and the prince, had well-nigh ever heard.

The girl, who was taking her music lesson, had been discovered in Italy by the old *maestro*, who managed the music of the private theatre which the prince had formed. He had heard her, a poor, untaught girl, in a coffee-house in Venice, and she afterwards became, in the opinion of some, the most pathetic female actress and singer of the century.

The first chord of her voice penetrated into the boy's nature as nothing had ever done before; he had never heard any singing save that of the peasants at church, and of the boys and girls who sang hymns round the cottage hearths in the winter nights.

The solemn tramp of the Lutheran measures, where the deep basses of the men drown the soft women's voices, and the shrill, unshaded singing of the children could hardly belong to this art, which he heard now for the first time. These sudden runs and trills, so fantastic and difficult, these chords and harmonies, so quaint and full of color, were messages from a world of sound, as yet an unknown country to the boy. He stood gazing upon the singer with open mouth. The prince moved his jewelled hand slightly in unison with the notes; the monkey, apparently rather scared, left off cracking his nuts, and, creeping close to his master, nestled against his beautiful coat close to the star upon his breast.

Then suddenly, in this world of wonders,

a still more wonderful thing occurred. There entered into this bewitching, this entrancing voice, a strange, almost a discordant, note. Through the fantasied gaiety of the theme, to which the sustained whirr of the harpsichord was like the sigh of the wind through the long grass, there was perceptible a strain, a tremor of sadness, almost of sobs. It was as if, in the midst of festival, some hidden grief, known before time of all, but forgotten or suppressed, should at once and in a moment well up in the hearts of all, turning the dance-measures into funeral chants, the love-songs into the loveliest of chorales. The maestro faltered in his accompaniment; the prince left off marking the time, he swept the monkey from him with a movement of his hand, and leaned forward eagerly in his seat: the discarded favorite slunk into a corner, where it leaned disconsolately against the wall. The pathetic strain went on, growing more tremulous and more intense, when suddenly the singing stopped, the girl buried her face in her hands and sank upon the floor in a passion of tears; the boy sprang forward, he forgot where he was, he forgot the prince,

"It is the bird," he cried; "the bird!"

The canary, whose dying struggles the singer had been watching through her song, gave a final shudder and fell lifeless from its perch.

The prince rose: he lifted the singer from her knees, and taking her hands from the wet face, he turned to the others with a smile.

"Ah, Herr Chaplain," he said, "you come in a good hour. This then is the angel-child. They will console each other."

And, patting the monkey as he passed, he left the room by another door.

III.

WHEN the prince was gone the maestro gathered up some music and turned to his pupil, who was drying her eyes and looking somewhat curiously at the boy through her tears.

"Well, signorina," he said, "you truly sang that very well. If you could bring some of that *timbre* into your voice always, you would indeed be a singer. But you are too light, too *frivole*. I wish we could have a canary always who would die;" and, bowing very slightly to the chaplain, he left the room.

Then the chaplain looked kindly at the young people.

"Fräulein," he said, "this is the young tutor to the little Serene Highnesses, I

will leave you together, as the prince wished."

When they were alone the boy felt very uncomfortable. He was very shy. This perhaps was as well, for there was no shyness at all on the part of his companion.

"So," she said, looking at him with a smile, and eyes that were again bright, "you are the new toy. I have heard of you. You are a wonderful holy child; what they call 'pious' in this country. How very funny! come and give me a kiss."

"No, Fräulein," said Mark, blushing still more, "that would be improper in me."

"Would it?" said the girl lightly; "don't angels kiss? How very stupid it must be to be an angel! Come and look at poor Fifine then! I suppose she is quite dead."

And opening the cage, she took out the piteous heap of yellow feathers and held it in her delicate hand, while the tears came again into her large dark eyes.

"Ah! it was dreadful," she said, "to sing and see him die."

"But, Fräulein," said the boy, "you sang most beautifully. I never heard anything so wonderful. It was heaven itself."

The girl looked at him very kindly.

"Oh, you like my singing," she said, "I am glad of that. Do you know, we shall be great friends. I like you. You are a very pretty boy."

And she tried to put her arm round his neck. Mark eluded her embrace. "Fräulein," he said with a dignified air, which made his companion laugh, "you must remember that I am tutor to their Serene Highnesses; I shall be very glad to be friends with you, and you will tell me something about the people in the palace."

"Oh!" replied the girl, "there is no one but our own company; but they are the greatest fun, and better fun here than anywhere else. It is delightful to see them among these stupid, solemn, heavy Germans, with their terrible language. I shall love to see you with them, you will stare your pretty eyes out. There's old Carricchio — that's not his name, you know, but he is called so because of his part — that is the best of them, they are always the same — off the stage or on it — always laughing, always joking, always kicking up their heels. You will see the faces — such delicious grimaces — old Carricchio will make at you when he asks you for the salt. But don't be frightened, I'll take care of you. They are all in love

with me, but I like you already better than all of them. You shall come on yourself some time, just as you are; you will make a delightful part."

Mark stared at her with amazement.

"But what are these people?" he said; "what do they do?"

"Oh, you will see," she said laughing; "how can I tell you? You never dreamt of such things; you will stare your eyes out. Well, there's the prince, and the little Highnesses, and the old *Barotin*, the governess, and"—here a change came over the girl's face—"and the princess is coming soon, I hear, with her *servante*."

"The princess!" said the boy; "does she ever come?"

"Yes, she comes sometimes," said his companion. "I wish she didn't. She is a bad woman. I hate her."

"Why? and what is her *servante*?"

"I hate her," said the girl; "her *servante* is the count—*cavalier-servante*, you know"—and her face became quite hard and fierce—"he is the devil himself."

The little schoolmaster's face became quite pale.

"The devil!" he said, staring with his large blue eyes.

"Oh, you foolish boy!" she said laughing again, "I don't mean that devil. The count is a much more real devil than he!"

The boy looked so dreadfully shocked that she grew quite cheerful again.

"What a strange boy you are!" she said laughing. "Do you think he will come and take you away? I'll take care of you—come and sit on my lap;" and, sitting down, she spread out her lap for him with an inviting gesture.

Mark rejected this attractive offer with disdain, and looked so unspeakably miserable and ready to cry that his companion took pity upon him.

"Poor boy," she said, "you shan't be teased any more. Come with me, I will take you to the *Barotin*, and present you to the little Serene Highnesses. They are nice children—for Highnesses; you will get on well with them."

Taking the boy's unwilling hand, she led him through several rooms, lined with old marqueterie cabinets in the Italian fashion, till she found a page, to whom she delivered Mark, telling him to take him to the baroness, into whose presence she herself did not appear anxious to intrude, that he might be presented to his future pupils.

The page promised to obey, and, giving

him a box on the ear to ensure attention, a familiarity which he took with the most cheerful and forgiving air, she left the room.

The moment she was gone the page made a rush at Mark, and seizing him round the waist, lifted him from the ground and ran with him through two or three rooms, till he reached a door, where he deposited him upon his feet. Then throwing open the door, he announced suddenly, "The Herr Tutor to the Serene Highnesses!" and shut Mark into the room.

His breath taken away by this atrocious attack upon his person and dignity, Mark saw before him a stately, but not unkindly-looking lady and two beautiful children, a boy and girl, of about eight and nine years of age. The lady rose, and looking at Mark with some curiosity, as well she might, said,—

"Your Serene Highnesses, this is the tutor whom the prince, your father, has provided for you. You will no doubt profit greatly by his instructions."

The little girl came forward at once, and gave Mark her hand, which, not knowing what to do with, he held for a moment and then dropped.

"My papa has spoken of you," she said. "He has told me that you are very good."

"I shall try to be good, princess," said Mark, who by this time had recovered his breath.

The little girl seemed very much insulted. She drew herself up and flushed all over her face.

"You must not say *princess* to me," she said, "that is what only the little princes say. You must say, 'my most gracious and Serene Highness,' whenever you speak to me."

This was too much. Mark blushed with anger.

"May God forgive me," he said, "if I do anything so foolish. I am here to teach thee and thy brother, and I will do it in my own way, or not at all."

The little princess looked as if she were about to cry, then, apparently thinking better of it, she said, with a half sob, and dropping the stately "you,"—

"Well, my papa says that thou art an angel. I suppose thou must do as thou wilt."

The little boy, meanwhile, had been staring at Mark with solemn eyes. He said nothing, but he came, finally, to the little schoolmaster and put his hand in his.

What more might have been said can-

not be told, for at this moment the page appeared again, saying that dinner was served at the third table, and that the Herr Tutor was to dine there.

The baroness seemed surprised at this. "I should have supposed," she said, "that he would have dined with the chaplain at the second table."

"No," asserted the page boldly, "the prince has ordered it."

When alone, the prince seldom dined ostensibly in public; but often appeared masqued at the third table, which was that of the actors and singers. He had given no orders at all about Mark. The arrangement was entirely of the signorina's making, who desired that he should dine with her. It was a bold stroke; and an hour afterwards, when the court chaplain discovered it, measures were taken to prevent its recurrence—at least for a time.

In whatever way this arrangement came to be made, however, the result was very advantageous to Mark. In the first place, it was not formidable. The company took little notice of him. Signor Carricchio made grotesque faces at others, but not at him. He sat quite safe and snug by the signorina, and certainly stared with all his eyes, as she had said. The long, dark, aquiline features of the men, the mobile play of humorous farce upon their faces, the constant chatter and sport—what could the German peasant boy do but stare? His friend taught him how to hold his knife and fork, and how to eat. The Italians were very nice in their eating, and the boy picked up more in five minutes from the signorina—he was very quick—than he would have done in weeks from the chaplain.

He was so scared and frightened, and the girl was so kind to him, that his boy's heart went out to her.

"What shall I call you, signorina?" he said, as dinner was over. "You are so good to me." He had already caught the Italian word.

"My name is Faustina Banti," she said, looking at him with her great eyes; "but you may call me Tina, if you like. I had a little brother once who called me that. He died."

"You are so very kind to me, Tina," said the boy, "I am sure you must be very good."

She looked at him again, smiling.

IV.

The next morning early Mark was sent for to the prince. He was shown into

the dressing-room, but the prince was already dressed. He was seated in an easy-chair reading a small, closely printed sheet of paper, upon which the word *Wien* was conspicuous to the boy. The prince bade the little schoolmaster be seated on a fauteuil near him, and looked so kindly that he felt quite at his ease.

"Well! little one," said the prince, "how findest thou thyself? Hast thou found any friends yet in this place?"

"The signorina has been very kind to me, Highness," said the boy.

"Ah!" said the prince, smiling, "thou hast found that out already. That is not so bad. I thought you two would be friends. What has the signorina told thee?"

"She has told me of the actors who are so clever and so strange. She says that they are all in love with her."

"That is not unlikely. And what else?"

"She has told me of the princess and of her servente."

"Indeed!" said the prince, with the slightest possible appearance of increased interest; "what does she say of the princess?"

"She says that she is a bad woman, and that she hates her."

"Ah! the signorina appears to have formed opinions of her own, and to be able to express them. What else?"

"She says that the servente is the devil himself! But she does not mean the real devil. She says that the servente is a much more real devil than he! Is not that horrible, Highness?"

The prince looked at Mark for two or three moments, with a kindly but strange, far-reaching look, which struck the boy, though he did not in the least understand it.

"I did well, little one," he said at last, "when I sent for thee."

There was a pause. The prince seemed to have forgotten the presence of the boy, who already was sufficiently of a courtier to hold his tongue.

At last the prince spoke.

"And the children," he said; "thou hast seen them?"

"Yes," said Mark, with a little shy smile, "I did badly there. I insulted the gracious Fräulein by calling her princess, which she said only the little princes should do; and I told her I was come to teach her and her little brother, and that I should do it in my own way or not at all."

The prince looked as though he feared

that this unexpected amusement would be almost too delightful.

"Well, little one," he said, "thou hast begun well. Better than this none could have done. Only be careful that thou art not spoiled. Care nothing for what thou hearest here. Continue to hate and fear the devil; for, whether he be thy own devil or the servente, he is more powerful than thou. Say nothing but what he whom thou rightly callest God teaches thee to say. So all will be well. Better teacher than thou my daughter could not have. I would wish her to be pious, within reason; not like her aunt, that would not be well. I should wish her to care for the poor. Nothing is so gracious in noble ladies as to care for the poor. When they cease to do this they lose tone at once. The French *noblesse* have done so. I should like her to visit the poor herself. It will have the best effect upon her nature; much better," continued the prince with a half smile, and seemingly speaking to himself, "much better than on the poor themselves. But what will you have? — some one must suffer, and the final touch cannot be obtained without."

There was another pause. This aspect of the necessary suffering the poor had to undergo was so new to Mark that he required some time to grasp it. The visits of noble ladies to his village had not been so frequent as to cause the malign effects to be deeply felt.

Acting upon this advice so far as he understood it, Mark pursued the same system of education with the little Highnesses as he had followed with the village children; that is, he set them to read such things as he was told they ought to learn, and encouraged them to do so by promising to relate his histories and tales if they were good.

It is surprising how much the same human nature remains after generations of different breeding and culture. It is true that these princely children had heard many tales before, perhaps the very ones the little schoolmaster now related, yet they delighted in nothing so much as hearing them again. Much of this pleasure, no doubt, was due to the intense faith and interest in them shown by Mark himself. He talked to them also much about God and the unseen world of angels, and of the wicked one; and, as they believed firmly that he was an angel, they listened to these things with the more ready belief. Indeed, the affection which the little boy

formed for his child tutor was unusual. He was a silent, solemn child; he said nothing, but he attached himself to Mark with a persistent devotion.

Every one in the palace, indeed, took to the boy; the pages left off teasing him; the signorina petted him in a manner sufficient to deprive her numerous lovers of their reason; the servants waited on him for love and not for reward; but the strangest thing of all was, that in proportion as he was kindly treated — just as much as every one seemed to love him and delight in him — just so much did the boy become miserable and unhappy. The kinder these people were, the more he felt the abyss which lay between his soul and theirs — earnestness and solemn faith in his, sarcasm and lively farce and, at the most, kindly toleration of belief in theirs.

Had they ill-treated or wronged him, he would not have felt it so much; but kindness and security on their part seemed to intensify the sense of doubt and perplexity on his.

It is difficult to realize the effect which sarcasm and irony have upon such natures as his. They look upon life with such a single eye. It is so beautiful and solemn to them. Truth is so true, they are so much in earnest that they cannot understand the complex feeling that finds relief in sarcasm and allegory, that tolerates the frivolous and the vain, as an ironic reading of the lesson of life.

The actors were particularly kind to him, though their grotesque attempts to amuse him mostly added to his misery. They were extremely anxious that he should appear upon the stage, and indeed the boy's beauty and simplicity would have made an excellent foil.

"Herr Tutor," said old Carricchio the *artecchino* to him one day, with mock gravity, "we are about to perform a comedy — what is called a masques comedy, not because we wear masques, for we don't, but because of our dresses. It consists of music, dancing, love-making, joking, and buffoonery; you will see what a trifle it is all about. The scene is in the garden of a country-house — during what in Italy we call the *villeggiatura*, that is the month we spend in the country during the vintage. A lady's fan is found by an ill-natured person in a curious place; all the rest agree not to see the fan, not to acknowledge that it is a fan. It is all left to us at the moment, all except the songs and the music, and you know how delightful those are. If you would take a part,

and keep your own character throughout, it would be magnificent; but we will wait, if you once see it you will wish to act."

No one, indeed, was kinder to Mark, or seemed more to delight in his society than the old arlecchino, and the pair made a most curious sight, seated together on one of the terraces on a sunny afternoon. Nothing could be more diverse in appearance than this strangely assorted pair. Carricchio was tall, with long limbs, and large, aquiline features. He wore a set smile upon his large, expressive mouth, which seemed born of no sense of enjoyment, but of an infinite insight, and of a mocking friendliness. He seldom wore anything but the dress of his part; but he wrapped himself mostly in a long cloak, lined with fur, for even the northern sunshine seemed chilly to the old clown. Wrapped in this ancient garment, he would sit beside Mark, listening to the boy's stories with his deep, unfathomed smile; and as he went on with his histories, the boy used to look into his companion's face, wondering at the slow smile, and at the deep wrinkles of the worn visage, till at length, fascinated at the sight, he forgot his stories, and looking into the old man's face appeared to Mark, though the comparison seems preposterous, like gazing at the fated story of the mystic tracings of the star-lit skies.

Why the old man listened so patiently to these childish stories no one could tell; perhaps he did not hear them. He himself said that the presence of Mark had the effect of music upon his jaded and worn sense. But, indeed, there was beneath Carricchio's mechanical buffoonery and farce a sober and pathetic humor, which was almost unconscious, and which was now, probably owing to advancing years, first becoming known either to himself or others.

"The maestro has been talking to me this morning," he said one day. "He says that life is a wretched masque, a miserable apology for existence by the side of art; what do you say to that?"

"I do not know what it means," said Mark; "I neither know life nor art—how can I tell?"

"That is true, but you know more than you think. The maestro means that life is imperfect, struggling, a failure, ugly most often; art is perfect, complete, beautiful, and full of force and power. But I tell him that some failure is better than success; sometimes ugliness is a finer thing than beauty; and the best art is that which only reproduces life. If life

were fashioned after the most perfect art, you would never be able to cry, nor to make me cry, as you do over your beautiful tales."

Mark tried to understand this, but failed, and was therefore silent. Indeed it is not certain whether Carricchio himself understood what he was saying.

He seemed to have some suspicion of this, for he did not go on talking, but was silent for some time. These silences were common between the two.

At last he said,—

"I think where the maestro is wrong is in making the two quarrel. They cannot quarrel. There is no art without life, and no life without art. Look at a puppet-play—the *fantoccini*—it means life and it means art.

"I never saw a puppet-play," said Mark.

"Well, you have seen us," said Carricchio; "we are much the same. We move ourselves—they are moved by wires; but we do just the same things—we are life and we are art, in the *burletta* we are both. I often think which is which—which is the imposture and which is the masque. Then I think that somewhere there must be a higher art that surpasses the realism of life—a divine art which is not life but fashions life.

"When I look at you, little one," Carricchio went on, "I feel almost as I do when the violins break in upon the jar and fret of the wittiest dialogue. Jest and lively fancy—these are the sweets of life, no doubt—and humorous thought and speech and gesture—but they are not this divine art, they are not rest. They shrivel and wither the brain. The whole being is parched, the heart is dry in this sultry, piercing light. But when the stringed melodies steal in, and when the rippling, surging arpeggios and crescendos sweep in upon the sense, and the stilled cadences that lull and soothe—then, indeed, it is like moisture and the gracious dew. It is like sleep; the strained nerves relax; the overwrought frame, which is like dry garden mould, is softened, and the flowers spring up again."

Carricchio paused; but as Mark said nothing, he went on again.

"The other life is gay, lively, bright, full of excitement and interest, of tender pity even, and of love—but this is rest and peace. The other is human life, but what is this? Art? Ah! but a divine art. Here is no struggle, no selfish desire, no striving, no conflict of love or of

hate. It is like silence, the most unselfish thing there is. I have, indeed, sometimes thought that music must be the silence of heaven."

"The silence of heaven!" said Mark, with open eyes. "The silence of heaven! What, then, are its words?"

"Ah! that," said the old clown, smiling, but with a sad slowness in his speech, "is beyond me to tell. I can hear its silence, but not its voice."

V.

THE private theatre in the palace was a room of very moderate size, for the audience was necessarily very small; in fact, the stage was larger than the auditorium. The play took place in the afternoon, and there was no artificial light; many of the operatic performances in Italy, indeed, took place in the open air.

Yet, though the time of day and the natural light deprived the theatre of much of the strangeness and glamor with which it is usually associated, and which so much impress a youth who sees it for the first time, the effect of the first performance upon Mark was very remarkable. He was seated immediately behind the prince. Far from being delighted with the play, he was overpowered as it went on by an intense melancholy horror. When the violins, the flutes, and the fifes began the overture, a new sense seemed given to him, which was not pleasure but the intensest dread. If the singing of the signorina had been a shock to him, accustomed as he was only to the solemn singing of his childhood, what must this elfish, weird, melodious music have seemed, full of gay and careless life, and of artless, unconscious airs which yet were miracles of art? He sat, terrified at these delicious sounds, as though this world of music without thought or conscience were a wicked thing. The shrill notes of the fifes, the long, tremulous vibration of the strings, seemed to draw his heart after them. Wherever this wizard call might lead him it seemed he would have to follow the alluring chords.

But when the acting began his terror became more intense. The grotesque figures seemed to him those of devils, or at the best of fantastic imps or gnomes. He could understand nothing of the dialogue, but the gestures, the laughter, the wild singing, were shocking to him. When the signorina appeared, the strange intensity of her color, the brilliancy of her eyes, and what seemed to him the freedom of her gestures and the boldness of

her bewitching glances, far from delighting, as they seemed to do all the others, made him ready to weep with shame and grief. He sank back in his seat to avoid the notice of the prince, who, indeed, was too much absorbed in the music and the acting to remember him.

The beauty of the music only added to his despair; had it been less lovely, had the acting not forced now and then a glance of admiring wonder or struck a note of high-toned, touching pathos even, it would not all have seemed so much the work of evil. When the comedy was over he crept silently away to his room; and in the excitement of congratulation and praise, as actors and audience mingled together, and the signorina was receiving the commendations of the prince, he was not missed.

He could not stay in this place — that at least was clear to him. He must escape. He must return to nature, to the woods and birds, to children and to children's sports. These gibing grimaces, these endless bowings and scrapings and false compliments, known of all to be false, would choke him if he stayed. He must escape from the house of frivolity into the soft, gracious outer air of sincerity and truth.

He cried himself to sleep; all through the night, amid fitful slumber, the crowd of masques jostled and mocked at him; the weird strains of unknown instruments reached his half-conscious, bewildered sense. Early in the morning he awoke. There had been rain in the night, and the smiling morning beckoned him out.

He stole down some back stairs, and found a door which opened on gardens and walks at the back of the palace. This he managed to open, and went out.

The path on which the door opened led him through rows of fruit trees and young plantations. A little forest of delicate boughs and young leaves lifted itself up against the blue sky, and a myriad drops sparkled in the morning sun. The fresh, cool air, the blue sky, the singing of the birds, restored Mark to himself. He seemed to see again the possibility of escape from evil, and the hope of righteousness and peace. His whole spirit went out in prayer and love to the Almighty, who had made these lovely things. He felt as he had been wont to do when, on a fine Sunday, he had walked home with his children in order, relating to them the most beautiful tales of God. He wandered slowly down the narrow paths. The fresh-turned earth between the rows

of saplings, the beds of herbs, the moist grass, gave forth a scent at once delicate and searching. The boy's cheerfulness began to return. The past seemed to fade. He almost thought himself the little schoolmaster again.

After wandering for some time through this delicious land of perfume, of light, and sweet sound, he came to a very long but narrow avenue of old elm-trees that led down a gradual slope, as it seemed, into the heart of the forest. Beneath the avenue a well-kept path seemed to point with a guiding hand.

He followed the path for some distance, and had just perceived what seemed to be an old manor-house, standing in a courtyard at the farther end, when he was conscious of a figure advancing along the path to meet him: as it approached, he saw that it was that of a lady of tall and commanding appearance, and apparently of great beauty; she wore the dress of some sisterhood. When he was near enough to see her face he found that it was indeed beautiful, with an expression of the purest sincerity and benevolence. The lady stopped and spoke to Mark at once.

"You must be the new tutor to their Highnesses," she said; "I have heard of you."

Mark said that he was.

"You do not look well," said the lady, very kindly; "are you happy at the palace?"

"Are you the princess Isoline?" said Mark, not answering the question; "I think you must be, you are so beautiful."

"I am the Princess Isoline," said the lady; "walk a little way with me."

Mark turned with the lady and walked back towards the palace. After a moment or two he said: "I am not happy at Joyeuse, I am very miserable, I want to run away."

"What makes you so unhappy? Are they not kind to you? The prince is very kind, and the children are good children — I have always thought."

"They are all very kind, too kind to me," said the boy. "I cannot make you understand why I am so miserable, I cannot tell myself — the prince is worse than all —"

"Why is the prince the worst of all?" said the lady, in a very gentle voice.

"All the rest I know are wrong," replied the boy passionately — "the actors, the signorina, the pages, and all; but when the prince looks at me with his quiet smile — when the look comes into his eyes as

though he could see through time even into eternity — when he looks at me in his kindly, pitying way — I begin to doubt. Oh, Highness, it is terrible to doubt! Do you think that the prince is right?"

The princess was silent for a moment or two; it was not that she did not understand the boy, for she understood him very well.

"No, I think you are right and not the prince," she said at length, in her quiet voice.

There was a pause: neither seemed to know what to say next. They had now nearly reached the end of the avenue next the palace; the princess stopped.

"Come back with me," she said, "I will show you my house."

They walked slowly along the narrow pathway towards the old house at the farther end. The princess was evidently considering what to say.

"Why do you know that they are all wrong?" she said at last.

"Highness," said the boy after a pause, "I have never lived amongst, or seen anything, since I was born, but what was natural and real — the forest, the fruit-trees in blossom, the gardens, and the flowers. I have never heard anything except of God — of the wretchedness of sin — of beautiful stories of good people. My grandfather, when he was alive, used to talk to me, as I sat with him at his charcoal-burning in the forest, of my forefathers, who were all honest and pious people. There are few princes who can say that."

The princess did not seem to notice this last uncourtly speech.

"I shall then find all my forefathers in Heaven," I would say to him," continued Mark. "Yes, that thou wilt! we shall then be of high nobility. Do not lose this privilege." If I lose this privilege, how sad that will be! But here, in the palace, they think nothing of these things — instead of hymns they sing the strangest, wildest songs, so strange and beautiful that I fear and tremble at them as if the sounds were wicked sounds."

So talking, the princess and the boy went on through the lovely wood; at last they left the avenue and passed into the courtyard of a stately but decayed house. The walls of the courtyard were overgrown with ivy, and trees were growing up against the house and shading some of the windows. The princess passed on without speaking, and entered the hall by an open door. As they entered, Mark could hear the sound of looms, and inside

were several men and women at different machines employed in weaving cloth. The princess spoke to several, and leading Mark onward she ascended a wide staircase and reached at last a long gallery at the back of the house. Here were many looms, and girls and men employed in weaving. The long range of lofty windows faced the north, and over the nearer woods could be seen the vast sweep of the great Thuringian Forest, where Martin Luther had lived and walked. The risen sun was gilding the distant woods. A sense of indescribable loveliness and peace seemed to Mark to pervade the place.

"How happy you must be here, gracious Highness!" he exclaimed.

They were standing apart in one of the windows towards the end of the long room, and the noise of the looms made a continuous murmur that prevented their voices being heard by the others who were near. The princess looked at Mark for some moments without reply.

"I must speak the truth always," she said at last, "but more than ever to such as thou art. I am not happy."

The boy looked at her as though his heart would break.

"Not happy," he said in a low voice, "and you so good."

"The good are not happy," said the princess, "and the happy are not good."

There was a pause; then the princess went on,—

"The people who are with me are good, but they are not happy. They have left the world and its pleasures, but they regret them; they live in the perpetual consciousness of this self-denial—this fancy that they are serving God better than others are; they are in danger of becoming jealous and hypocritical. I warn you never to join a particular society which proposes, as its object, to serve God better than others. You are safer, more in the way of serving God in the palace, even amid the singing and the music which seem to you so wicked. They are happy, they are thoughtless, gay, like the birds. They have at least no dark, gloomy thoughts of God, even if they have no thoughts of him at all. They may be won to him, nay, they may be nearer to him now than some who think themselves so good. Since I began this way of life I have heard of many such societies, which have crumbled into the dust with derision, and are remembered only with reproach."

Mark stood gazing at the distant forest without seeing it. He did not know what to think.

"I do not know why I have told you this," said the princess; "I had no thought of saying such words when I brought you here. I seem to have spoken them without willing it. Perhaps it was the will of God."

"Why do you go on with this life," said Mark sadly, "if it be not good? The prince would be glad if you would come back to the palace. He has told me so."

It seemed to the boy that life grew more and more sad. It seemed that, baffled and turned back at every turn, there was no reality, no sincere walk anywhere possible. The worse seemed everywhere the better, the children of this world everywhere wiser than the children of light.

"I cannot go back now," said the princess. "When you are gone I shall forget this; I shall think otherwise. There is something in your look that has made me speak like this."

"Then are these people really not happy?" said Mark again.

"Why should they be happy?" said the princess, with some bitterness in her voice. "They have given up all that makes life pleasant—fine clothes, delicate food, cunning harmonies, love, gay devices, and sports. Why should they be happy? They have dull work, none to amuse or enliven the long days."

"I was very happy in my village outside the palace gates," said Mark quietly; "I had none of these things; I only taught the little peasants, yet I was happy. From morning to night the path was straight before me, a bright and easy path; and the end was always light. Now all is difficult and strange. Since I passed through the gates with the golden scrolls, which I thought were like the heavenly Jerusalem, all goes crooked and awry; nothing seems plain and righteous as in the pleasant old days. I have come into an enchanted palace, the air of which I cannot breathe and live; I must go back."

"No, not so," said the princess, "you are wanted here. Where you were you were of little good. There were at least others who could do your work. Here none can do it but you. They never saw any one like you before. They know it and speak of it. All are changed somewhat since you came; you might, it is true, come to me, but I should not wish it. The air of this house would be worse for you even than that of the palace which

you fear so much. Besides, the prince would not be pleased with me."

Mark looked sadly before him for some moments before he said, —

"Even if it be true what you say, still I must go. It is killing me. I wish to do right and good to all; but what good shall I do if it takes all my strength and life? I shall ask the prince to let me go back."

"No," said the princess, "not that — never that. It is impossible, you cannot go back!"

"Cannot go back!" cried Mark. "Why? The prince is very kind. He will not keep me here to die."

"Yes, the prince is very kind, but he cannot do that; what is passed can never happen again. It is the children's phrase, 'Do it again.' It can never be done again. You have passed, as you say, the golden gates into an enchanted world; you have known good and evil; you have tasted of the fruit of the so-called tree of life; you cannot go back to the village. Think."

Mark was silent for a longer space this time. His eyes were dim, but he seemed to see afar off.

"No," he said at last, "it is true, I cannot go back. The village, and the school, and the children have passed away. I should not find them there, as they were before. If I cannot come to you, there is nothing for me but to die."

"The pagans," said the princess, "the old pagans, that knew their gods but dimly, used to say, 'The god-beloved die young.' It has been said since by Christian men. Do not be afraid to die. Instead of your form and voice there will be remembrance and remorse; instead of indifference and sarcasm there will be contrition; in place of thoughtless kindness a tender love. Do not be afraid to die. The charm is working now; it will increase when sight is changed for memory, and the changeful irritation of time for changeless recollection and regret. The body of the sown grain is transfigured into the flower of a spiritual life, and from the dust is raised a mystic presence which can never fade. Do not be afraid to die."

Mark walked slowly back to the palace. He could not think; he was stunned and bewildered. He wished the princess Isoline would have let him come to her. Then he thought all might yet be well. When he reached the palace he found everything in confusion. The princess and her friend the servente had suddenly arrived.

VI.

LATER on in the day Mark was told that the princess wished to see him, and that he must wait upon her in her own apartment. He was taken to a part of the palace into which he had hitherto never been; in which a luxurious suite of rooms was reserved for the princess when she condescended to occupy them. The most easterly of the suite was a morning sitting-room, which opened upon a balcony or trellised verandah, shaded with jasmine. The room was furnished in a very different style from the rest of the palace. The other rooms, though rich, were rather bare of garniture, after the Italian manner — their ornaments consisting of cabinets of inlaid wood and pictures on the walls, with the centre of the room left clear. These rooms, on the contrary, were full of small gilt furniture, after the fashion of the French court. Curious screens, depicting strange birds of gaudy plumage, embarrassed Mark as he entered the room.

The prince was seated near a lady who was reclining in the window, and opposite to them was a stranger whom Mark knew must be the count. The lady was beautiful, but with a kind of beauty strange to the boy, and her dress was more wonderful than any he had yet seen, though it was a mere morning robe. She looked curiously at him as he entered the room.

"This, then," she said, "is the clown who is to educate my children."

At this not very encouraging address the boy stopped, and stood silently contemplating the group.

The count was the first who came to his assistance.

"The youth is not so bad, princess," he said. "He has an air of society about him, in spite of his youth."

The prince looked at the count with a pleased expression.

"Do not fear for the children, Adelaide," he said; "they will fare very well. Their manners are improved already. When they come to Vienna, you will see how fine their breeding will be thought to be. Leave them to me. You do not care for them; leave them to me and to the Herr Tutor."

Mark was looking at the count. This was another strange study for the boy. He was older than the prince — a man of about forty; more firmly built, and with well-cut but massive features. He wore a peruke of very short, curled hair; his dress was rich, but very simple; and his

whole appearance and manner suggested curiously that of a man who carried no more weight than he could possibly help, who encumbered himself with nothing that he could throw aside, who offered in every action, speech, and gesture the least possible resistance to the atmosphere, moral, social, or physical, in which he found himself. His manner to the prince was deferential, without being marked, and he evidently wished to propitiate him.

"Thou art very pious, I hear," said the princess, addressing Mark in a tone of unmitigated contempt.

The boy only bowed.

"Is he dumb?" said the princess, still with undisguised disdain.

"No," said the prince quietly. "He can speak when he thinks that what he says will be well received."

"He is wise," said the count.

"Well," said the princess sharply, "my wishes count for nothing; of that we are well aware. But I do not want my children to be infected with the superstitions of the past, which still linger among the coarse and ignorant peasantry. I suppose, now, this peasant schoolmaster believes in a God and a hell, and in a heaven for such as he?" and she threw herself back with a light laugh.

"No, surely," said the count blandly, "that were too gross, even for a peasant priest."

"Tell me, Herr Tutor," said the princess; and now she threw a nameless charm into her manner as she addressed the boy, from whom she wished an answer; "tell me, dost thou believe in a heaven?"

"Yes, gracious Highness," said Mark.

"It has always struck me," said the prince, with a philosophic air, "that we might leave the poor their distant heaven. Its existence cannot injure us. I have sometimes fancied that they might retort upon me: 'You have everything here that life can wish: we have nothing. You have dainty food, and fine clothes, and learning, and music, and all the fruition that your fastidious fancy craves: we are cold and hungry and ignorant and miserable. Leave us our heaven! At least, if you do not believe in it, keep silence before us. Our belief does not trouble you; it takes nothing from the least of your pleasures; it is all we have.'"

"When the prince begins to preach," said the princess, with scarcely less contempt than she had shown for Mark, "I always leave the room."

The count immediately rose and opened a small door leading to a boudoir. The prince rose and bowed. The princess swept to the ground before him in an elaborate curtsy, and looking contemptuously, yet with a certain amused interest, at Mark, left the room.

The prince resumed his seat, and, leaning back, looked from one to the other of his companions. He was really thinking with amusement what a so strangely assorted couple might be likely to say to each other; but the count, misled by his desire to please the prince, misunderstood him. He supposed that he wished that the conversation which the princess had interrupted should be continued, and, sitting down, he began again.

"I suppose, Herr Tutor," he said, "you propose to train your pupils so that they shall be best fitted to mingle with the world in which they will be called upon to play an important part?"

The prince motioned to Mark to sit, which he did, upon the edge of an embroidered couch.

"If the Serene Highness," he said, "had wished for one to teach his children who know the great world and the cities, he would not have sent for me."

"What do you teach them, then?"

"I tell them beautiful histories," said Mark, of good people, and of love, and of God."

"It has been proved," said the count, "that there is no God."

"Then there is still love," said the boy.

"Yes, there is still love," said the count, with an amused glance at the prince; "all the more that we have got rid of a cruel God."

The boy's face flushed.

"How can you dare to say that?" he said.

"Why," said the count, with a simulated warmth, "what is the God of you pious people but a cruel God! — he who condemns the weak and the ignorant — the weak whom he has himself made weak, and the ignorant whom he keeps in darkness — to an eternity of torture for a trivial and temporary, if not an unconscious, fault? What is that God but cruel who will not forgive till he has gratified his revenge upon his own Son? What is that God but cruel — But I need not go on. The whole thing is nothing but a figment and a dream, hatched in the diseased fancies of half-starved monks dying by inches in caves and deserts, terrified by the ghastly visions of a ruined body and a disordered mind — men so stupid

and so wicked that they could not discern the nature of the man whom they professed to take for their God—a man, apparently, one of those rare natures, in advance of their time, whom friends and enemies alike misconceive and thwart; and who die, as he died, helpless and defeated, with a despairing cry to a heedless or visionary God in whom they have believed in vain."

As the count went on, a new and terrible phase of experience was passing through Mark's mind. As the brain consists of two parts, so the mind seems dual also. Thought seems at different times to consist of different phases, each of which can only see itself—of a faith that can see no doubt—of a doubt that can conceive of no certainty—one week exalted to the highest heaven, the next plunged into the lowest hell. For the first time in his life this latter phase was passing through Mark's mind. What had always seemed to him as certain as the hills and fields seemed on a sudden shrunk and vanished away. His mind seemed emptied and void; he could not even think of God. It seemed even marvellous to him that anything could have filled this vast, fathomless void, much less such a lovely and populous world as that which now seemed vanished as a morning mist. He tried to rouse his energies, to grasp at and to recover his accustomed thoughts, but he seemed fascinated; the eyes of the count rested on him, as he thought, with an evil glance. He turned faint.

But the prince came to his aid. He was looking across at the count with a sort of lazy dislike; as one looks at a stuffed reptile or at a foul but caged bird.

"Thou art soon put down, little one," he said, with his kindly, lofty air. "Tell him all this is nothing to thee; that disease and distraction never created anything; that nothing lives without a germ of life. Tell the count that thou art not careful to answer him—that it may be as he says. Tell him that even were it so—that he of whom he speaks died broken-hearted in that despairing cry to the Father whom he thought had deserted him—tell the count thou art still with him. Tell him that if his mission was misconceived and perverted, it was because his spirit and method were divine. Tell the count that in spite of failure and despair, nay, perchance—who knows?—because even of that despair, he has drawn all men to him from that cross of his as he said. Tell the count that he has ascended

to his Father and to thy Father, and, alone among the personalities of the world's story, sits at the right hand of God. Tell him this, he will have nothing to reply."

And, as if to render reply impossible, the prince rose, and calling to his spaniel, who came at his gesture from the sunshine in the window, he struck a small Indian gong upon the table, and the pages drawing back the curtains of the antechamber, he left the room.

The count looked at the boy with a smile. Mark's face was flushed, his eyes sparkling and full of tears.

"Well, Herr Tutor," said the count not unkindly, "dost thou say all that?"

"Yes," said the boy, "God helping me, I say all that!"

"Thou mightest do worse, tutor," said the count, "than follow the prince."

And he too left the room.

VII.

THE arrival of the princess very much increased the gaiety and activity of life within the palace. Every one became impressed with the idea that the one thing necessary was to entertain her. The actors set to work to prepare new plays, new spectacles; the musicians to compose new combinations of quaint notes; the poets new sonnets on strange and, if possible, new conceits. As the princess was very difficult to please, and as it was almost impossible to conceive anything which appeared new to her jaded intellect, the difficulty of the task caused any idea that promised novelty to be seized upon with a desperate determination. The most favorite one still continued to be the proposition that Mark should be induced, by fair means or foul, to take a part upon the stage. His own character—the *rôle* which he instinctively played—was so absolutely original and fresh that the universal opinion was confident of the success of such a performance.

"By some means or other," said old Carricchio, "he must be got to act."

"You may do what you will with him," said the signorina sadly; "he will die. He is too good to live. Like my little brother and the poor canary, he will die."

In pursuit, then, of this ingenious plan the princess was requested to honor with her presence a performance of a hitherto unknown character to be given in the palace gardens. She at first declined, saying that she had seen everything that could be performed so often that she was sick of such things, and that each of their vaunted and promised novelties proved

more stale and dull than its precursor. It was therefore necessary to let her know something of what was proposed, and no sooner did she understand that Mark was to be the centre round which the play turned, than she entered into the plot with the greatest zeal.

It is, perhaps, not strange that to such a woman Mark's character and personality offered a singular novelty and even charm. The thought of triumphing over this child-like innocence, of contrasting it with the license and riot which the play would offer, struck her jaded curiosity with a sense of delicious freshness, and she took an eager delight in the arrangement and contrivance of the scenes.

In expansion of the idea suggested by some of the wonderful theatres in Italy, where the open-air stage extended into real avenues and thickets, it was decided that the entire play should be represented in the palace gardens: and that, in fact, the audience should take part in the action of the drama. This, where the whole household was theatrical, and where the actors were trained in the Italian comedy, which left so much to the *improvvisatore* — to the individual taste and skill of the actor — was a scheme not difficult to realize.

The palace garden, which was very large, was disposed in terraces and hedges; it was planted with numerous thickets and groves, and, whenever the inequalities of the ground allowed it, with lofty banks of thick shrubs crowned with young trees, beneath which were arranged statues and fountains in the Italian manner. The hedges were cut into arcades and arches, giving free access to the retired lawns and shady nooks, and these arcades, and the lofty groves and terraces, gave a constant sense of mystery and expectation to the scene. The ample lawns and open spaces afforded more than one suitable stage, upon which the most important scenes of a play might be performed.

Beneath one of the highest and most important banks which stretched in a perfectly straight line across the garden, planted thickly with flowering shrubs, and fringed at the top with a long line of young trees, whose delicate foliage was distinct against the sky, was placed the largest of the fountains. It was copied from that in the Piazza Santa Maria in Trastevere in Rome, and was ornamented with great shells, fish, and Tritons. On either side of the fountain, and leading to the terrace at the back, were flights of marble steps,

with wide-stretching stone vases upon either side towering above the grass. In front of the fountain and of the steps, beyond a belt of greensward, were long hedges planted in parallel rows, and connected in arches and arcades crossing and recrossing each other in an intricate maze, so that a large company, wandering through their paths, might suddenly appear and disappear. Beyond the hedges the lawn stretched out again, broken by flower-beds and statues and fringed by masses of foliage and lofty limes. A sound of falling water was heard on all sides; and, by mysterious contrivance of concealed mechanism, flute and harp music sounded from the depths of the bosky groves.

Mark knew little of what was going on. He occupied himself mostly with his young pupils; but the conversation he had had with the princess Isoline had troubled his mind, and a sense of perplexity and of approaching evil weighed upon his spirits and affected his health. He who had never known sickness in his peasant life, now, when confined to a life so unnatural and artificial, so out of harmony with his mind and soul, became listless and weak in body, and haunted by fitful terrors and failings of consciousness. He knew that some extraordinary preparations were being made; but he was not spoken to upon the subject, and paid little attention to what was going on. Indeed, had he been in the least of a suspicious nature, the entire absence of solicitation or interference might have led him to suspect some secret machination against his simplicity and peace, some contrived treachery at work; but no such idea crossed his mind, he occupied himself with his own melancholy thoughts and with the histories and parables which he related to his pupils.

On the morning of the day fixed for the performance, then, things being in this condition, Mark rose early. He had been informed that it was necessary that he should wear his best court suit, which we have seen was of black silk with white bands and ruffles. He gave his pupils a short lesson, but their thoughts were so much occupied by the expectation of the coming festivity that he soon released them and wandered out into the gardens alone. The performance of the play had been fixed for noon.

The day was bright and serene. The gardens were brilliant with color, and sweet with the perfume of flowers and

herbs. Strains of mysterious harmony from secret music startled the wanderer along the paths.

Mark strayed listlessly through the more distant groves. He was distressed and dissatisfied with himself. His spirit seemed to have lost its happy elasticity, his mind its active joyousness. The things which formerly delighted him no longer seemed to please, even the loveliness of nature was unable to arouse him. He found himself envying those others who took so much real delight, or seemed to him to do so, in fantastic and frivolous music and jest and comic sport. He began to wonder what this new surprising play — these elaborately prepared harmonies — these swells and runs and shakes — might prove to be. Then he hated himself for this envy — for this curiosity. He wished to return to his old innocence — his old simplicity.

But he felt that this could never be. As the princess had told him, whatever in after years he might become, never would he taste this delight of his child's nature again. He was inexpressibly sad and depressed.

As he wandered on, not knowing where he went, and growing almost stupid and indifferent even to pain, he found himself suddenly surrounded by a throng of dancing and laughing girls. It was easy, in this magic garden, to steal unobserved upon any one amid the bosky hedges and arcades; but to surprise one so abstracted as the dreamy and listless boy required no effort at all. With hands clasped and mocking laughter they surrounded the unhappy Mark. They were masqued, with delicate bits of fringed silk across the eyes, but had they not been so he was too confused to have recognized them. He tried in vain to escape. Then he was lifted from the ground by a score of hands and borne rapidly away.

The story of swan-maidens and winged fairies of his old histories crossed his mind, and he seemed to be flying through the air; suddenly this strange flight came to an end; he was on his feet again, and, as he looked confusedly around, he found that he was alone.

He was standing on a circular space of lawn, surrounded by the lofty wood. In the centre was an antique statue of a faun playing upon a flute. He seemed to recognize the scene, but could not in his confusion recall in what part of the vast garden it lay.

As he stood, lost in wonder and expectation, a fairy-like figure was suddenly

present before him, from whence coming he could not tell. The slim and delicate form was dressed in a gossamer robe, through which the lovely limbs might be seen. She held a light masque in her hand, and laughed at him with her dancing eyes and rosy mouth. It was the little princess, his pupil.

Even now no thought of plot or treachery entered the boy's mind; he gazed at her in wondering amaze.

"You must come with me," said the girl princess, holding out her hand; "I am sent to fetch you to the under world."

Behind them as they stood, and facing the statue of the faun, was a cave or hollow in the wood, half concealed by the pendent tendrils of creeping and flowering plants. It seemed the opening of a subterranean passage. The child pushed aside the hanging blossoms and drew Mark, still dazed and unresisting, after her. They went down into the dark cave.

Meanwhile from early dawn the palace had been noisy with pattering feet. For its bizarre population was augmented from many sources, and the great performance of the day taxed the exertions of all. As the morning advanced, visitors began to arrive, and were marshalled to certain parts of the gardens where positions were allotted them, and refreshments served in tents. They were mostly masqued. Then strange groups began to form themselves before the garden front of the palace, and on the terraces. These were all masqued and dressed in a variety of incongruous and fantastic costume, for though the play was supposed to be classical, yet the necessity of entertaining the princess with something startling and lively was more exacting than artistic congruity. As we have seen, the prince had always inclined more to the fairy and masqued comedy than to the serious opera, and on this occasion the result was more original and fantastic than had ever before been achieved.

As the morning went on, there gradually arranged itself, as if by a fortuitous incident, as strange a medley of fairy mediæval legend and of classic lore as eye ever looked upon. As the prince and princess surrounded by their principal guests, all masqued and attired in every shade of color and variety of form, stood upon the steps before the palace, the wide gardens seemed full of groups equally varied and equally brilliant with their own. From behind the green screens of

the hedges, and from beneath the arcades, figures were constantly emerging and passing again out of sight, apparently accidentally, but in fact with a carefully devised plan. Strains of delicate music filled the air.

Then a group of girls in misty drapery, and masqued across the eyes, the same indeed that had carried off Mark, appeared suddenly before the princely group. They had discovered, in the deepest dell of their native mountain, a deserted babe — the offspring doubtless of the loves of some wandering god. They were become its nurses, and fed it upon sacred honey and consecrated bread. Of immortal birth themselves, and untouched by the passing years, the boy became, as he grew up, the plaything, and finally the beloved, of his beautiful friends. But the boy himself is indifferent to their attractions, and careless or averse to their caresses. He is often lost to them, and wanders in the mountain fastnesses with the fawns and kids.

All this and more was told in action, in song, and recitative, upon the palace lawns before this strange audience, themselves partly actors in the pastoral drama. Rural dances and games and sacrifices were presented with delicately conceived grouping and pictorial effect. Then the main action of the drama developed itself. The most lovely of the nymphs, the queen and leader of the rest, inspires a devoted passion in the heart of the priest of Apollo, before whose altar they offer sacrifice, and listen for guiding and response. She rejects his love with cruel contempt, pinning always for the coy and errant boy-god who thinks of nothing but the distant mountain summits, and the divine whispers of the rustling woods. The priest, insulted and enraged, invokes the aid of his divinity, and a change comes over the gay and magic scene. A terrible pestilence strikes down the inhabitants of these sylvan lawns, and gloomy funerals and the pathetic strains of dirges take the place of dances and lively songs.

The terrified people throw themselves before the altar of the incensed Apollo, and the god speaks again. His anger can be appeased only by the sacrifice of the contemptuous nymph who has insulted his priest, or of some one who is willing to perish in her place. Proclamation is made across the sunny lawns, inviting a victim who will earn the wreath of self-sacrifice and of immortal consciousness of a great deed, but there is no response.

The fatal day draws on; the altar of

sacrifice is prepared; but there spreads a rumor among the crowd — fanned probably by hope — that at the last moment a god will interfere. Some even speak of the wandering boy, if he could only be found. Surely, he — so removed from earthly and selfish love, so strange in his simplicity, in his purity — surely he would lay down his guileless life without a pang. Could he only be found! or would he appear!

The herald's voice had died away for the third time amid a fanfare of trumpets. At the foot of the steps of the long terrace, by the Roman fountain, a delicate and lovely form stood on the grassy verge before the altar, by the leaping and rushing water's side: a little to the left, whence the road to Hades was supposed to come, stood the divine messenger, the lofty herald — clad in white, with a white wand; behind the altar stood the wretched priest, on whom the fearful task devolved, the passion of terror, of pity, and of love, traced upon his face; all sound of music had died away; a hush as of death itself fell upon the expectant crowd; from green arch and trellised walk the throng of masques, actors and spectators alike, pressed forward upon the lawn before the altar. . . . The priest tore the fillet from his brow and threw down his knife.

The darkness of the cave gave place to a burst of dazzling sunlight as Mark and the little princess, who in the darkness had resumed her masque, came out suddenly from the unseen opening upon one of the great stone bases by the side of the steps. To the boy's wonder-struck sense the flaring light, the mystic and awful forms, the thronged masques, the shock of surprise and terror, fell with a stunning force. He uttered a sharp cry like that of a snared and harmless creature of the woods. He pressed his hands before his face to shut out the bewildering scene, and, stepping suddenly backward in his surprise, fell from the edge of the stone platform some eight feet to the ground. A cry of natural terror broke from the victim, — in place of the death-song she was expected to utter, — and she left her place and sprang forward towards the steps. The crowd of masques which surrounded the prince came forward tumultuously, and a hurried movement and cry ran through the people, half of whom were uncertain whether the settled order of the play was interrupted or not.

Mark lay quite still on the grass, his eyes closed, the signorina bending over

him; but the herald, who was in fact director of the play, waved his wand imperiously before the masques, and they fell back.

"Resume your place, signorina," he said; "this part of the play has, apparently, failed. You will sing your death-song, and the priest will offer himself in your stead."

But the girl rose, and, forcing her way to where the prince stood, threw herself upon his arm.

"Oh, stop it, Highness, stop it!" she cried, amid a passion of sobs; "he is dying, do you not see!"

The prince removed his masque; those around him, following the signal, also unmasked, and the play was stopped.

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

From Temple Bar.

LADY ANNE BARNARD AT THE CAPE.

WHILE the present and future of our South African possessions are being so much discussed, a glance at the past of one small but important portion of them, taken by such a shrewd observer as Lady Anne Barnard, may have some interest.

When Lord Macartney went out as first English governor of the Cape of Good Hope, in 1797, he took with him Mr. Barnard as colonial secretary, and Lady Anne accompanied them. "I was supposed to be a sort of binding cement," she says, "such, I presume, as the castles of antiquity were formerly made with: light, strong, and powerful towards associating together the scattered atoms of society." The task assigned her was no light one, but she was admirably fitted to accomplish it. From her Fifeshire birthplace she had brought a love of exercise and adventure, with those buoyant spirits for which the "light Lindsays" were proverbial; and she had acquired tact, grace, and knowledge of human nature in the best social circles of Edinburgh and London: add boundless kindness of heart and ready wit to these qualifications, and what more could be desired in a vice-queen?

The Earl of Macartney's life had been one long lesson in diplomacy, from the time when, at twenty-seven, on his return from "making the grand tour," he was sent as envoy extraordinary to the empress of Russia. The offices of chief secretary for Ireland, "governor of Toome Castle" (a sinecure worth a thousand a

year), governor of the island of Granada, and governor of Madras, were held by him in swift succession. He was made ambassador extraordinary to Peking, the first time England attempted to open diplomatic relations with China; and soon after his return from a confidential mission to Italy, he received his appointment to the Cape of Good Hope. Lady Anne might well find a man of such literally world-wide experience "one of the best companions she ever met," especially as he was warmly attached to her husband. The gentlemen who had accompanied Lord Macartney on his other embassies saw his manner to Mr. Barnard with wonder. They had thought the earl cold, political, and invulnerable. But, says Lady Anne, "they had never tried to gain his heart, though they had served him faithfully." Mr. Barnard, like his wife, had too affectionate and genial a disposition to maintain cold official relations towards any one, and with them their chief so unbent that they found in his society "everlasting entertainment and instruction too — when we had him to ourselves."*

The new governor needed all his *savoir faire*. His coming had been held as a sort of bugbear over the heads of the colonists, every unpleasant new law being postponed till that dreaded period. Sir James Craig, left in temporary command after our capture of the Cape, was anxious, Lady Anne was informed, to figure as the protector of the conquered people — and the protector not only of their honest gains but of every imposition they could put on the English troops. Wagons arriving with provisions from the interior were intercepted at daybreak by the burghers, who, buying up the articles at the old rate, sold them to the English at their own price. This sort of thing was inconvenient, of course. But then, thought Sir James, the new governor could make it right.†

This much-expected man arrived at last. And as after long suspense "to know the worst becomes a sort of vile happiness," his Excellency's arrival, says Lady Anne, gave the Dutch "that sort of cold bath which at once shocks the frame and braces the constitution."

The voyagers were favorably impressed by the first glimpse of their future home.

* Wraxall calls Lord Macartney "a man of unimpeached integrity, elevated views, and always attentive to the great public interests committed to his care; yet wanting amenity of manners, ductility, and powers of conciliation." (Posthumous Memoirs, vol. I., p. 265.)

† "Remember," she often cautions her readers, "I simply, like a parrot, repeat what I have heard."

The day was brilliant, the outline of the country bold, daring, but calm. Cape Town surprised them by being no collection of rude huts, but "clean, correct, and respectable." They landed on May 4th, and Lady Anne began to revolve in her mind plans for reconciling the Dutch to the sight of their masters "by the attraction of fiddles and French horns." Before this could be attempted, however, King George's new subjects had to take the oath of allegiance; the castle gates were thrown open every morning, and Lady Anne was astonished at the number of well-fed, rosy-cheeked citizens, with powdered hair and black suits, who marched up in pairs to see the king's representative.

After the burghers came the boors, farmers and settlers from the country, who seemed much to dislike their errand. "They shook hands with each other, but they shook their heads too, in a manner that said, 'There is no help for it; we must swear, for they are the strongest.'" The size of these "sulky youths" was enormous. Most of them were upwards of six feet high, and stout in proportion. They wore blue cloth suits and large flat hats, and they arrived in wagons, which, true to the thrifty Dutch nature, were laden with merchandise so that they might do a day's trading after presenting themselves at the Castle. A Hottentot servant, carrying his master's umbrella, crept behind each countryman: their toilet was exquisitely simple, consisting of a piece of leather round the waist, a sheepskin over the shoulders, and sometimes a scarlet handkerchief on the head. Lady Anne thought them less repulsive than report had painted. "The expression of their eyes is sweet and inoffensive," she says, "and their features are small and not ill-shaped."

A ball given at the Government House by Sir James Craig introduced the polished part of Cape society to Lord Macartney and his party.

The ball-room was lined with two rows of ladies, all tolerably well dressed, and all "mad in white muslin." . . . But here was no real beauty, no manner, no graces, no charms—only the freshness of health, and a vulgar smartness accompanying it, which spoke the torch of Prometheus animating them to be of mutton-tail. They danced without halting a moment, in a sort of pit-a-pat, tingling little step. . . . What they want most is shoulders and softness of manners. The term "a Dutch doll" was quite explained to me when I saw their make and recollected the dolls; but what is most exceptionable about them is their teeth

and the size of their feet. A tradesman in London, hearing they were very large, sent a box of shoes on speculation, which almost put the colony in a blaze, so angry were the fair ones. But day by day a pair were sent for by a slave in the dark, till at last the shoes vanished.

Very few Dutchmen attended the ball; the fiscal (head officer of justice), president of the court, and others in public positions only appeared and vanished, as though almost afraid of being seen there by each other, though they professed satisfaction with the state of affairs, and perfect cordiality towards English rule.

When the first rush of receptions was over, Lord Macartney assigned to Mr. Barnard and his wife a little country house called Paradise, at the back of Table Mountain, which rose three thousand feet above it—"spiral, wooded, and picturesque." Before the house stood a row of fruit-laden orange-trees; behind it lay a well-stocked garden watered by a mountain stream; and on the left rose a grove of fir-trees.* But appropriately to its name, the road to Paradise was hard and difficult: it had to be traversed chiefly on foot, and was intersected by gullies so deep that when Lady Anne jumped across them, she thought, if her foot had slipped, she would have found herself in England.

At Paradise Lady Anne inspected or collected many curiosities—animal, vegetable, and mineral—some of which greatly amused Lord Mornington, when he visited the Cape on his way to India. There were a pair of secretary birds, who strutted about on their long legs "with the air of fine gentlemen," but were particular about always sitting down to dinner: a sea calf, a very foolish creature, calf as to his countenance but with fins for feet, who plunged into the water when laughed at for waddling; and a penguin, "a link between fish and fowl, as the calf was between fish and beast," who spent half her day in the pond with the calf, and half in the house with her mistress, looking much like an old lady in a *sacque*, with long ruffles. For the baboons, who came down in marauding parties in the fruit season, Lady Anne pleaded in vain. The gardener insisted on catching and whipping one of the offenders, who would then run chattering to his comrades and warn them from the spot.

In the vegetable world, among things to be remembered were orange-trees forty

* A later visitor (1812), says: "We wandered through coppices of greenhouse plants, and forced our way through thickets of exotics."

feet high and nine in circumference; a most useful plant which, according to the gardener, furnished one kind of physic when scraped upwards and another when scraped downwards; the sugar-tree, whose lovely pink blossoms when boiled produce a syrup like honey, with which all the Cape preserves were made; a magical rose-tree bearing seven different kinds of roses which (it was *said*) blossomed every day exactly at four o'clock; and a fearful "star-plant," yellow, and spotted like a leopard skin, with a crop of glossy brown hair growing over it, "at once handsome and horrible;" it crawled along the ground and had fat green leaves. Of the seeds of the castor-oil tree, which exactly resemble beads, Lady Anne made some necklaces for Queen Charlotte, who accepted them with thanks to the donor for preparing them for *external* application. Then how useful was the paint-stone, carrying in its heart a quantity of powder, of every color but green, so finely ground that it only required mixing with oil to be ready for use, and employed by the boors on their houses, carts, etc.

Lady Anne thought the Cape grapes delicious, and the wine made from them very good, but she could not persuade her English guests to be of the same opinion, probably because they knew it could be bought for sixpence a bottle. On one occasion some Steine wine which had been pronounced detestable was sent to table as a fine old wine of Lord Macartney's, and eagerly drunk by the very men who had previously abused it. "Dey haf not got my lord's hock, my lady!" triumphantly whispered Mr. Barnard's servant. "Dey are socking in de kitchen wines, and I dare not tell 'em now, for they will fancy dey are poisoned!"

Picnics, excursions, and friendly visits to neighboring colonists, sped the summer away. When these expeditions were made on foot "all the gentlemen envied the *braave vrouw* the lightness of her heels, the effect perhaps of the lightness of her heart." One of their visits was to Stellenbosch, the residence of the Landrost of the district—a fine house, in a pretty village of milk-white houses shaded by groves of oaks measuring from twelve to thirteen feet round. There was a church, and there were plenty of slaves, but no manufactures, and no cultivation. The luxuriance of nature did all and more than all the colonists required, with, generally speaking, a minimum of exertion on their part. From the Landrost's house they went to that of the clergyman, a car-

riage being sent after them for their use. Lady Anne was making some drawings which she feared detained this equipage too long.

"Do not mind," said Mr. Barnard, laughing, "it is used to it—see whose it lately was!" How were we entertained, to find it was actually that of "old Q."—that weary *vis à-vis* which had been in the habit of *waiting* for the last forty years at the door of Brookes's C ub! There was the ducal coronet, there were six horses to draw it (an apology from the Landrost for not sending eight), there was a Hottentot coachman clad in his native charms—and well could he guide his beasts.

Sic transit gloria mundi.

Meantime, Lord Macartney, acting on his favorite maxim, "To be respected one must begin with respecting," was endeavoring to conciliate the better class of burghers. And Lady Anne, when at the Castle, began her course of civilization by means of balls and musical parties. She had some amicable contests with the fiscal, who wished her only to invite "true friends," whereas she desired to win over the disaffected. The result was that she secured plenty of Dutch ladies to act as partners for "the juvenile part of the army and navy," though their brothers and husbands preferred a quiet pipe on the *stoop* to cutting capers in a hot room.

As to the men [says Lady Anne, provoked at their immovability] the only amusements that interest them seem to be sales, ceremonies, and funerals. . . . A splendid funeral is the joy of their lives, nor are youth and beauty so attractive in a wife as being a steady housekeeper while she lives, and having so long a pedigree as to be envied for it at her death, every relation being invited by the public crier to the funeral, in whatever part of the globe the relation happens to be.

The position of public affairs was not calculated to sweeten the tempers or raise the spirits of the colonists. "Fatherland" was being goaded by the French into unwilling conflict with England, and the Dutch fleet was overwhelmed by the English squadron.

When Mr. Barnard—"the poor *secretarius*—had been screwed to his desk for a whole twelvemonth," he was offered a month's holiday, and although it was again May, "the Cape November," and the beginning of the rainy season, he and Lady Anne thought the best use they could make of it was to take a trip to the interior. They were accompanied by their cousin John Dalrymple, a young lady called "Jane," Mr. Barnard's servant, Pawell, a little black boy, two slaves, and

a Hottentot. They travelled in an eight-horse wagon, with some riding-horses following. The wagon, crammed, besides its passengers, with provisions, bedding, candles, guns, baskets, and extra garments, must have looked like an "all sorts" shop on wheels, or a "cheap Jack" establishment. But with such a quartette as Lady Anne and her husband, a gay young cornet and a beautiful girl, all was enjoyment, and the more extraordinary their experiences were, the better they were pleased. The ladies, indeed, were startled at finding that the guns slung above their heads were ready loaded; but their nerves stood even this test bravely.

At a wealthy colonist's, where they stopped to dine, a child of eighteen months was brought in, so heavy that no one could lift it from the ground. "Ah!" said the happy mother, "what would *mi vrouw* give for such an one?" "I thought," says Lady Anne, "that like Solomon I should be tempted to make two of it." The greatest pride of the Dutch was in the size and number of their children.

At many points of their journey they had to hire oxen, which dragged them so easily up such tremendous heights, that Lady Anne almost thought they could "pull us up to heaven, like Elijah." All went well till they got belated — night instantly follows sunset in those regions; in the darkness they drew to the edge of a bank. Lady Anne felt the wheel sinking on her side. "Down we went like a mountain, and everything in the world was above me!" Fortunately no one was seriously hurt.

Jane sat on a stone, the statue of patience, condoling with herself over the bruises of her white marble arm, the rest of the figure in a state of perfect preservation in the saddest, sweetest sense of the word, as the cask of preserved ginger had its top knocked off in the fall and poured its contents in at Jane's neck and out at her toe.

The stupendous hills of dazzling white sand, with innumerable bucks racing over them, gave a strange charm to the scenery. "All appeared to be in deep snow, while the air had the charm of summer without its oppressive heat." At the "Government Baths," a sort of Cape Matlock, Lady Anne saw her first ostriches; they were only eight months old, but their long necks reached four feet above the horses' backs. One of them was offered two oranges, the second of which stuck in its throat, so it instantly picked up a stone

nearly as large and swallowed that, to hammer the orange down.

The spot which most interested the Barnards during this tour was the famous settlement of the Moravian Fathers, which they knew they must be approaching long before it came in sight, from the superior cultivation of the land, the herds of cattle quietly grazing, and the indescribable look of general peace and prosperity — "the manna of the Almighty showered on his children." At that time, 1798, the fathers had gathered round them three hundred Hottentots, glad to escape from the selfish oppression of the boors (who in revenge for losing some of their slaves had fired at the fathers with poisoned arrows), and learn simple trades, and the cultivation of their little gardens, from the gentle, kind-hearted missionaries. The religious instruction the natives delighted in, joining admirably in the hymns, and listening with tears to a short discourse addressed by one father to his *lieve vriende*. Lady Anne, with her hereditary taste for agriculture, went warmly into the subject of their gardens and plantations, advising them to grow rice and potatoes, and pointing out spots suitable for orange-trees and vines. "We agreed with and understood each other," she says, "which I was vain of, as I doubt if my whole stock of Dutch amounts to two dozen words."

Shooting-parties and fishing-parties, on which the game and fish were so novel and abundant as to bewilder the sportsmen, occupied many adventurous days, and Lady Anne's pencil was as busy as her husband's gun. One Dutch beauty only could she discover — "very handsome, and weighing eighteen stone. She was the picture of the goddess Ceres, a goddess more of the earth than the heavens. Her child of fourteen months walked and talked, and was so heavy that I did not pretend to lift it." All the settlers were hospitable and friendly in a stolid, silent fashion, and less hostile to the English government than were the townspeople.

Yet all [says Lady Anne] benefit by it, except a few monopolists. . . . The President of the Court of Justice complains that he is undone for want of fees, there being now but one bankruptcy where there used to be a hundred . . . and the hangman complains that he has nothing to do. Very flattering testimony to our Governor's jurisdiction.

This rule, however excellent, was not destined to be a long one. The disaffect-

ed townspeople had always foreseen that the conclusion of the war would transfer them either to France or Holland; and when, on the Peace of Amiens, the Cape was restored to the Dutch, Lady Anne returned to England, soon followed by her husband. The passages from her correspondence and journals added by the late Earl of Crawford to his "Lives of the Lindsays," give by far the liveliest pictures left to us of that short episode in Cape history — its first occupation by the English.

From The National Review.

WILL NORWAY BECOME A REPUBLIC?

IN order to understand the existing crisis between the two powers in the State in Norway, it is necessary to trace it to its origin.

By the treaty of Kiel, dated January 14th, 1814, Frederic VI. of Denmark was compelled by Great Britain and Sweden, allied against Napoleon, to cede Norway as a province to the latter power, which by this transaction was to be recompensed for the loss of Finland. By a public manifesto the Danish king informed the Norwegians that the forced union with Denmark, to which Norway had been doomed for four hundred and thirty-four years, was at an end, but that a brilliant future, no doubt, awaited her people by exchanging a Danish master for a Swedish, and recommended them obedience. Against this decision the Norwegians rose in arms. It was not natural that the proud Norsemen, who could boast of having been a nation at a period when the Swedes were hardly more than squatters in their land, and whose battle-cry had been heard in every quarter of the then known world, who had sent their Jarls to redeem the Holy Land, who had planted their standards on the other side of the Atlantic five hundred years before Columbus was born, and who had founded Normandy, the mightiest and most civilized state in the Europe of that age, should tacitly consent to be the suffering party in a transaction which resembled the "selling up" of a bankrupt slave-owner. From Lindesnes to Nordkap every man stood to arms. The martial spirit of the nation was fully taken advantage of by the heir to the Danish throne, Prince Christian Fredrik, who, on arriving in Christiania to acquaint the Norwegians with the decision of his father, encour-

aged the people to resist the treaty of Kiel. This prince, whose integrity and honest character were entirely at variance with that of his predecessors on the throne, convened a congress at Eidsvold, April 10th, 1814, and there met one hundred and twelve representatives, the flower of the nation's intelligence: the proud demonstration of its antiquity. From the 10th of April to the 19th of May these sat in council, and by the 17th of that month they had framed *Norges Grundlov*, a Constitution which the Norwegians justly boast of as making them the freest among nations. This is the treasure which the Storting labors to destroy.

The Danish Prince Christian was subsequently, by a somewhat injudicious decision, elected king of Norway, which he continued to be until the union with Sweden on November the 4th, of the same year, the intervening months being the only period during which Norway has been a separate State since 1299.

In the mean time, Marshal Bernadotte, elected as the Swedish prince regent, Carl Johan, leaving the allied armies to deal with Napoleon, marched into Norway at the head of a Swedish army to enforce the treaty of Kiel. The Norwegians defended themselves with great intrepidity against one of the finest and most victorious armies of the day, and, after a number of indecisive engagements, Carl Johan, on behalf of the Swedish government, offered to renounce the claims to which the treaty of Kiel might entitle them, and, what was still more important, to accept the Constitution of Eidsvold. A preliminary conference was held at Moss, King Christian resigned, and eventually an extraordinary Storting — the first Norwegian Parliament — met in Christiania in October, and decided to establish the union of Norway and Sweden. On the 10th of November, 1814, the Swedish prince regent took the oath as a Norwegian citizen and subscribed to the Constitution of Eidsvold.

Thus ended the struggle between the descendants of the vikings and the allied powers of Europe.

From the year 1814 to 1824 Norway has only a record of progress and prosperity to show. To form a true basis for the social freedom and stability of the new-fledged nation a National Bank was founded in Throndhjem; the standing army, to lighten the burthen of the tax-payers, was reduced to twelve thousand men; beneficent laws were passed to promote trade and industry, general education was at-

tended to, arts and sciences were encouraged, and after a decade of independence, Norway could boast of a social happiness and a political freedom which were the envy of every civilized power, and which fully demonstrated the capacity of the Norse race for self-government.

In the year 1821 the Storting decided, in accordance with two previous resolutions (*vide* the suspensive veto) to abolish aristocracy. The king, Carl XIII. of Södermanland, forced by the representations of Prussia and Russia, protested, sent a Swedish squadron of men-of-war to Christiania harbor, and assembled an army of Swedish and Norwegian soldiers in the capital, in order to intimidate the Storting; but the demonstration was of no avail, for, with the widows of the House vibrating with the heavy cannonade from the fleet and army, the Norwegian legislators unanimously recorded their "Ayes," and hereditary distinctions were forever abolished in the kingdom of Norway.

The Norwegian Constitution, the sacred compact between king and subjects to which both have sworn fealty, enacts, that Norway shall be a free and independent kingdom, the form of government limited monarchy, and that the country shall be united with Sweden under the same king.

The *executive* power (§3) rests with the king, who appoints all servants of State—civil as well as military—makes war and concludes peace, enters into treaties with foreign powers, etc. The king chooses his own *advisers*, i.e., ministers (§12)—eleven—of whom three always reside in Stockholm, where the king also is to reside. He can appoint his eldest son viceroy of Norway, at the head of the ministry in Christiania; he is himself bound by the Constitution to spend three months of the year in Norway. The ministers, as the king's own chosen counselors and servants, have no seat in the Legislative Assembly, and cannot be called before the House, collectively, for any explanation of whatever nature.

The *legislative* power (§49), on the other hand, rests with the National Assembly, the Storting (*liter.* Great Court). This is elected indirectly. In order to have a vote for the members of the Storting, it is necessary to be twenty-five years of age, not to have offended against the law, to have resided in the country for five years previously, to be, or to have been, a servant of the crown, and either to own *matriculated* (registered) land in the coun-

try, or to be a town citizen owning property of the value of Kr. 600 (£33). No foreigner can vote for the Storting, while voters who have been bankrupt or sold their votes are disqualified. The members of the Storting, who must be resident in their constituency, are elected by the *Valgmænd* (electors), nominated by the voters, and number one hundred and fourteen—thirty-eight representatives for towns and boroughs, and seventy-six for the counties—and are elected for three years. When the Storting has met, the members choose three-fourths of their number for the *Odelsting* and one-fourth for the *Lagthing*, and every bill is first considered in the Odelsting, then in the Lagthing, and if agreed to in both, sent to the king for sanction. Should the two Things not agree, both meet collectively as a Storting, in which the measure is then decided. The Odelsting and the Lagthing are, in fact, nothing more than two "grand committees," neither of which has a single prerogative in preference to the other. There is no upper or second chamber, a feature which should never be lost sight of in this matter. The president of the Thing has the privileges of the "speaker," but, there is no *clôture*. The Storting meets in Christiania every February, and sits for two calendar months, unless it receives the king's permission to do so for a longer term. During this period the members receive Kr. 12 a day, while their travelling expenses from home and back are paid by the crown. The functions of the Storting, are, according to the Constitution, as follows: To frame the laws, control the finances of the country and regulate the entire expenditure, take up loans, examine the books of the exchequer, administer the Bank of Norway, etc. From these enactments it will be seen that the Constitution, the compact signed by king and people, clearly distinguishes between the prerogatives of the two bodies in the State.

In one important particular the constitution of Norway differs from those of all other countries, viz., by the suspensive veto. Thus, if a bill passes *unaltered* three consecutive Storthings, it becomes law *without* the king's sanction. This clause is the cause of the present political crisis in Norway. The Constitution states, in plain words, that the king has no *absolute* veto but only the *suspensive* veto. The republicans now in the Storting would apply this rule to amendments of the Constitution, and thereby claim

that they *alone* are entitled to alter, at will, the clauses of the Constitution — subscribed to by both — to overrule all government decisions, and consequently, if they should think fit, may declare "that it is the desire of this Assembly that Norway henceforth be a republic."

Such a construction of the veto is, of course, inadmissible in any limited monarchy where there is no second chamber; it is, in fact, contrary to every principle of constitutional government, and is entirely opposed to the last clause (§ 112) of the Constitution, which distinctly states that both king and Storting must *agree* to amend any clause of the same, a principle in the Constitution which is furthermore enacted beyond doubt by clause 82, which sets forth the only six instances in which the king's veto is not required.

I will now proceed to sketch the history of the opposition in Norway.

During the first twenty years of Norway's resurrection, when a rapid and steady progress was made in all branches of society and commerce, the Storthings had chiefly been composed of members of the bureaucracy (*Embedsmænd*), more than half of the members belonging to this class, and only from twenty to thirty to the peasant class. But in the year 1833, there appeared for the first time in the House a man who formed the first opposition in Norway. This man was Ole Gabriel Ueland, a peasant pure and simple. He was self-educated, but of a shrewd and persevering disposition, who saw that it had been the intention of the framers of the Constitution to place the legislative power, in a country where there were no landlords, in the hands of the peasants, and round his standard rallied all the rural representatives with the cry, "Down with the bureaucracy," "Retrenchment!" "The Storthing for the peasants," etc. At first the bureaucracy, which was formed of some of the most talented and intelligent men in the country, and far superior to the peasant party in education and natural gifts, suffered but little by the onslaught, but by degrees their number decreased, mainly owing to a deplorable objection to face the vulgar, and very often coarse, attacks of the peasants, who in debate returned vituperation for satire; so when the Storthing met in 1851, there were only twenty-five members representing this class, while the peasant party numbered forty-three. The Ueland party described its policy as "Liberal," but its legislation savored of a narrow-mindedness and selfishness hardly con-

sistent with this term. In support of this I may mention their attempt, in 1845, to exclude all Jews from the country; in fact, it would more fitly apply to the bureaucracy of the day than to the peasant party. Still, Ueland and his party were strictly constitutional, and had as little idea of disputing the king's absolute veto in *amendments of the Constitution* as the republicans of the present day have of respecting it. But in 1851 there arose in the Storthing a man, who was to form a far stronger party than Ueland, one Johan Sverdrup, the present leader of the republicans in Norway, and for some years past president of the Storthing.

Sverdrup began life as a solicitor in the little town of Laurvig, came of a good family, and was fairly educated; but his ambition soon spurred him to forsake the dull but respectable profession of a lawyer for the more exciting career of a political demagogue. While Ueland's idea had been to obtain for his class, by constitutional means, that just share of the legislation of the country which belonged to the owners of the soil, Sverdrup's dream was to see Norway governed by a majority in the Storthing, which should establish and disestablish ministries, appoint their tools to the offices of State, and the king a puppet merely countersigning their decisions. This was Sverdrup's idea of a true form of government — government by the "sovereign people" — and at the head of such a majority — himself. Ueland was a Constitutionalist, Sverdrup is a republican. Although differing so much in their aims, Sverdrup and Ueland formed an alliance against their common enemy, the upper class, the former naturally taking good care to conceal his ultimate intentions from the peasant party, which would have abhorred his principles. For this reason, Sverdrup voted in all Storthings, up to that of 1860, against the admission of the ministers to the debates, but in that year, when the party he had formed was servile enough and could not do without him as a leader, he spoke warmly in favor of the change in the Constitution mentioned above, and expressed the doctrine "that power in a *well organized* State should only be in *one hand*," viz., his own.

There has, besides these two leaders, been a man in the Storthing for many years who, although without a party, has exercised an influence on the bulk of the population in Norway, hardly equalled by any in this century. His name is Søren

Jaabæk. His theories are social-democratic. According to him, there should be equality not only of wealth among the members of a properly constituted community, but no one individual should receive a larger share of education than another; in fact, education of any sort, beyond its mere rudiments, is detrimental. The University and all "higher" schools should be abolished, as well as all religion. The "people," as represented by the majority in the Storting, should be "sovereign." His tenets are borrowed from the writings of Saint Simon, Carl Marx, and Lassalle; they have, I regret to say, been accepted with great favor by the peasants, and have even been erected into a creed under the name of *Jaabækianisme*, while his late organ, the *Folketidende*, the "people's journal," had a larger circulation than any journal in Norway. Sverdrup and Jaabæk, whose aims are so different, have one idea in common, viz., the abolition of the monarchy, and the establishment of a Norwegian republic. Hence their alliance: they both mistrust one another, but the common enemy, settled government, unites them.

I have now reached the year 1871, and of the alterations in the Constitution down to this period, I may name, as of most importance, the change from triennial to yearly Storthings, which on being introduced by Sverdrup in 1860 was thrown out, but when proposed by the government in 1869 was accepted. Here Sverdrup and his party gained a victory; but I must, in passing, call attention to the fact that, on this as on all previous occasions, the king's *absolute veto in amendments of the constitution was unconditionally* admitted by the Storting.

In 1871 the opposition in the Storting was far differently constituted from that in any previous year. Ueland was dead, Sverdrup was omnipotent. The party was now made up of peasants, but not of the old venerable Norse stock which had fought under Ueland's banner: they were merely landowners in name, not in reality, and along with these there mustered, for the first time, a number of Sverdrup's nominees, persons who took to politics for a living, and anxious to obtain the appointments which remain in the hands of the Storting. In this session Sverdrup could count on eighty followers against the government. The Conservatives were led by Anton Martin Schweigaard, the greatest politician and statesman Norway has hitherto produced, and as long as he was alive he exercised an influence

on the opposition only realized after his death.

As I have already stated, the Norwegian Constitution stipulates (§ 12) that the king chooses his own advisers, who have no seat in the Storting, and from the very outset of Sverdrup's parliamentary career it has been his aim to obtain the admission of these to the debates of the House. How could his ideas of a true "government by the people," with himself at their head, be realized without it? But in his earliest days, while in partnership with Ueland, he carefully concealed his views on the subject, and spoke and voted against the measure whenever proposed. He saw clearly that this was a change in the spirit and tenor of the Constitution which its framers had never intended, and which, therefore, the Conservative peasant party would never permit. In 1860, Sverdrup felt, however, strong enough to throw off the mask, and speak in favor of their admittance. In nine subsequent Storthings the bill for altering the clause had been introduced by the republicans, and although their measure has gained a larger majority year by year—in 1880, ninety-three voted for and twenty against it—the king has as often refused to sanction the same, and I will explain why. According to the republican idea of a properly constituted "government by the people," as proposed by their bill the ministers *shall have no seat in the House*, neither be allowed to *take part in the debates*, but simply be "in waiting" in the House to be cross-examined, reprimanded, or, perhaps, even insulted by members at pleasure, and if a member should be able to obtain a temporary majority for his resolution—*i.e.* vote of want of confidence—the king would have to dismiss his trusted servants. This view of a "properly constituted" government the Norwegian crown never took. According to their idea there was not the slightest reason why the ministers should not be allowed to take part in the debate *under the same rules and conditions as those which exist in all other constitutional monarchies*, and already in 1874 the government submitted a bill to the Storting for the admission of the ministers, but with the following four amendments of the Constitution for the safeguard of the executive:—(1) That the king should have the power of dissolving the Storting and decreeing new elections; (2) that the Storting, if the king did not dissolve, might sit for four months, but that the remuneration of a

member should not exceed Kr. 1,440 (£80) in a session; (3) that a minister might demand a pension of half his salary or Kr. 6,000 (£330); (4) that the sanctioning of bills which had not been made before the House was prorogued, might be deferred to the following session. *This bill the republicans, headed by Sverdrup, rejected with scorn!*

It will be easily conceived, that these stipulations did not tend to "gather all power within this House," or to "consolidate the power in the State in one hand," as Sverdrup expressed his aim; but while the government, in support of their views of the safeguards required by the executive for altering the Constitution, could point to similar prerogatives granted in all free parliamentary countries, the republicans had only those of Greece to support them, where a system, as indicated above, exists, and I do not believe that even the most ardent admirer of the Hellenic race will insist that their political and social *status* is the touchstone of perfection.

In order to explain the changes made in the Constitution by these four amendments, I may state that the Storting now only sits for two months, but that their sessions have been prolonged from year to year, and now are rarely closed until the middle of June, viz., four months and a half; that the members now receive their remuneration per day, which may thus amount to nearly £200 for the session; that ministers now receive no pensions except as grants ("charitable donations" Jaabæk calls them) from the Storting.

The important fact that the government has proposed this change in the Constitution, a proposition which still lies on the table of the House (*vide* King Oscar's speech), has been most studiously concealed by Radicals in and out of Norway.

When the government bill was thrown out, the ministry acquainted the king of the fact with the following remark: "The nation will therefore clearly see that no blame can be attached to your Majesty's government by the result."

One may well ask who was the man who, as the chief adviser of the king, has borne the brunt of these repeated attacks by the republicans on the Constitution and the monarchy? From the year 1845 until 1880, with a short interval, the Norwegian government was led by Fredrik Stang, a man of rare talent and acquirements, who had been called to the council table at the early age of thirty-seven. He came from a distinguished family,

whose members had before then made their mark in the social and political life of Norway. If there is a fault to be found with his administration, it is that it was too forbearing and yielding to the demands of the Storting, which is fully borne out by the sanction, in 1872, of a bill which by reducing the pensions of the civil servants to a minimum, had the effect of attracting men of mediocre talent only to the government offices, whereby Stang unintentionally inflicted a crushing blow on a class which, by their very position, should have formed his strongest support. He loved, however, the Storting with all his heart, and it was the dream of his life to work in harmony with this free institution for the progress and welfare of his fellow-citizens, but the realization of this dream the republicans denied him. From the very outset of his career Sverdrup had determined *coûte que coûte* to crush this man, and he has followed his aim with a zeal and personal hatred which often has made him sacrifice the interests of the nation for his own. Even when the venerable statesman, whose head had grown grey in the service of his country, at the age of seventy-two, asked the Storting for a pitiful pension for his few remaining days, Sverdrup could not forego the delight of wounding and insulting the feelings of the true patriot by reducing the sum from £600 to £300, and this in spite of Stang having renounced a larger pension which had been granted him a few years previously, when ill-health having forced on him a temporary retirement, he returned, when restored to health, to office, by which he had actually saved the country nearly £7,000! Jaabæk now proposed that no pension should be granted. All the services which Stang had rendered his country, during the twenty years he had been, first a member, and lastly at the head of the government, were now forgotten. It was only remembered that he had not taken the Storting's view in the question of admitting the ministers to the House, and particularly, that he had been the faithful servant of his sovereign, and was the man whom the republicans in vain had tried every device to remove. For these grave offences against the "people" he was to be humbled and only granted a pittance which any ordinary civil servant could demand as a right. But the Norwegian nation replied to these sentiments in a plain and dignified manner. A national subscription was opened, and in a few weeks a sum of £8,000 was placed at the

disposal of the retiring premier, who accepted the interest on the capital, on condition that it should, on his decease, be used for the founding of a scholarship for students of political science.

When Stang retired, the republicans thought that at last their day had come, and that King Oscar would choose his advisers from their ranks; but they were mistaken. The king sent instead for Christian August Selmer, already a member of the Cabinet. There was only a change of names, not of policy, a course which was fully justified by a decision which the Storthing had arrived at a few months previously.

In the year 1880, there met in Christiania a Storthing destined to become the most notorious in the annals of Norwegian history. The bill demanding the presence of the ministers in the House, in the manner desired by the Republicans, was again brought before the House, again carried, and by a larger majority than on any previous occasion, viz., ninety-three votes against twenty. In spite of this majority and the personal appeals made to his Majesty, King Oscar again withheld his signature. The reply of the republicans to the non-sanction was as follows: "This Storthing hereby declares and makes known, this 9th of June, 1880, that the king's veto in *amending the Constitution of Norway is superfluous.*" This decision, the importance of which cannot yet be fully estimated, but rests on results, has, in clear and unmistakable words, settled the position of the republicans and the Constitutionalists in Norway. Before the 9th of June, 1880, the opposition in the Storthing was constitutional and legitimate — it now became treasonable. The opposition, which in 1833 had risen to crush the bureaucracy, had, in 1880, developed into a revolutionary body for the abolishing of the monarchy. From the very fact of Norway being a constitutional monarchy, without an upper house, the king must possess a voice in all *amendments of the Constitution*, a prerogative without which no sovereign could possibly rule.

The absolute veto in amendments of the Constitution of the Norwegian kings had never been disputed before; it had even by the Storthings of 1824 and 1860, been specially admitted as one of their rights, and was at that period acknowledged both by Sverdrup and Jaabæk. Thus, when Carl Johan in 1824 proposed to transform the clause of the Constitution relating to the suspensive veto in matters of law into

an absolute one, the Storthing refused the request with the words, "that your Majesty already possesses an absolute veto in all *Constitutional amendments.*" It has, in addition, been admitted by sixty years of Constitutional practice.

On an appeal being made by the government to the Faculty of Jurisprudence at the University of Christiania, it expressed the *unanimous* opinion that the king has, by the Grundlov, *absolute veto* in *Constitutional* questions, in which view several legal celebrities, as, for instance, the eminent German and Swedish professors, Conrad Maurer, L. Rydin, and L. Scharring, entirely concur. Still, the leading cry with which the republicans went to the country last year was "No *absolute veto.*" The demand that any temporary majority in a Storthing which may be changed to-morrow should be at liberty to amend the Constitution at pleasure without the crown having an equal voice in the matter, is tantamount to demanding its abolition and to transferring the absolute veto from the crown to an arbitrary number.

In the year 1880 Christian Selmer became the king's chief adviser, and under this able man's administration the prerogatives of the crown have been guarded with great jealousy, and more initiative has been shown by the government, while the dignity of the sovereign has been firmly upheld by prosecuting a few of the most scurrilous writers in the public press, the necessity of which, I think, will be admitted when I quote, as an example, what a civil servant and a member of the Storthing, Herr H. Löberg, thought himself justified in saying of his sovereign in his organ, viz.: "That the Devil takes care of his *own*, i.e. King Oscar." For this elegant *mot* he was sentenced to two months' imprisonment.

If we now examine the labors of the Storthing for the period 1880-83, we shall find that hardly a dozen measures were passed for the benefit of the nation; and if we compare them with those of the triennial Storthings up to 1850, we shall find that the Norwegian people benefited more from a single session's legislation by the bureaucracy of those days than by three of the republican ones of the present. Whereas the public time was formerly employed for useful legislation, it is now wasted, session after session, by silly debates, as to whether the king shall be addressed as "Most Gracious," or simply "the king;" whether the Storthing ought not to style itself "we," as the king em-

plays *ego*; or whether the Storting shall wait on his Majesty *in corpore*, in accordance with time-honored usage, or show its displeasure at non-sanctioning of bills by studied absence. While the nation's time is thus disposed of, its money is consumed by the paid legislators; and, while the country thirsts for retrenchment and thrift, in order to procure a balance between revenue and expenditure, large sums are yearly thrown away on Storting committees and needy individuals who follow in the wake of the republicans to obtain a living.

Thus while the Storting refuses to grant supplies for writing materials, and fuel (!) required in the government offices, and, even, as decided last year, any money at all to "royal" committees, and while faithful crown servants are refused the meanest pensions, the Storting has no hesitation in granting large annuities to such men as Captain Jacobsen, because he obeyed the command of Johan Sverdrup to serve on a revolutionary military committee, instead of that of his superior officer, and suffered dismissal from service in consequence. While the breeding of sheep and cattle in the country leaves much to be desired, the Storting decides that no money shall be granted to maintaining the English stock which the government has for years possessed for cross-breeding purposes; and while the decreasing mercantile marine of the country — only five years ago the third in the world, now the seventh — ought to receive every encouragement, money is refused for the erection and maintenance of light-houses on the terrible Norwegian coast, and this in a land where three per cent. of the population find their living at sea. The navy is in a most deplorable state, yet the only dockyard is nearly closed from want of supplies; and still the Storting does not hesitate to request the government to pay a sum of £2,000 to *Folketværingssamlagene*, armed association for the people, whose organization and programme has been proved to be that of a parliamentary army, to be employed in case of a revolution; or to bring in a bill for raising the army to eighty thousand men, for the protection of a country which can badly afford to support twenty thousand. Why this systematic policy of refusing to grant what the nation requires in order to be governed? Simply because the republicans in the Storting desire the king to take a ministry from among a body of men who have declared that they, and they *alone*, can

amend the Constitution at will. For this Sverdrup declares the nation must suffer, and "on account of the political situation," etc., is the Storting's preamble to every refusal.

After continuous sessions of this character, it became incumbent on the government to speak, and to speak in an unequivocal manner, and when the Storting last year had sat two months and a half *beyond* its legal time, King Oscar came to Christiania and, allowing the Storting twenty-four hours to finish debating, he dissolved the House in person.

King Oscar spoke to the Storting thus: —

"More than two generations have elapsed since Norway regained independence under a free constitution and a union with a brother people founded on equality. During this period there has reigned legitimate freedom and continuous peace, which have permitted the fullest development of all the resources of the nation. Richly has the labor been blessed, and great has the progress been in every direction. My desires and aspirations have been to build further on this foundation, and I have been herein inspired by a true love of that Constitution on which legitimate freedom internally is based, and by a sincere devotion to the Union on which our security externally depends. Guided by these sentiments, and with this aim before me, I depended with confidence on a continuous progress and development, and I fully relied on the hearty co-operation of the Storting. During the period which has elapsed since I last addressed the Storting, many a beneficial measure has been passed; but, on the other hand, the proceedings of this assembly have often advanced in a direction which I, on my side, have been unable to approve of, and they have at times passed resolutions to the performance of which I, as the maintainer of the royal power according to the Constitution, have been unable to lend my hand. The Storting has also on several occasions let the regular work of development stand aside in endeavoring to encroach on the prerogatives which by the Constitution belong to the king. It is advanced by some that the crown has refused the concordant labor between the two powers in the State which the participation of the ministers in the proceedings of the Storting would demand. This assertion is unfounded. In order to meet the Storting, I have repeatedly submitted

a proposition for amending the Constitution to this effect, a proposition which is at the present moment in the hands of the Storting. The conditions on which the proposition is based, I believed, and do believe, to be of extreme importance with our Constitutional conditions. Similar conditions form part of other monarchical Constitutions, even with those which possess far stronger conservative guarantees than ours. In order to meet the Storting, I have, irrespective of the serious consideration to which it has given rise, from year to year given my sanction to a prolonged session far beyond the period agreed at the time of introducing yearly Storthings. When I was compelled to withhold my sanction from the resolution that one of the Storting's committees should remain together after the House was prorogued, I proposed, in order to meet the Storting, a procedure which would in every respect have satisfied the demands of a thorough investigation of the case. But the Storting has not, by any step made by the executive, although emanating from the sincerest desire of concord and understanding, been induced to make a similar advance.

"With grave anxiety I have learned that the Storting maintains that it can amend the Constitution without the king's sanction.

"My conviction of the unrighteousness (*det Ubertrettede*) of this assertion is unshakable (*urokkelig*).

"Only king and Storting combined have the power of amending the Constitution.

"With a deep sense of my royal duty, I will, to the utmost of my ability, defend (*værge om*) the Constitution to which we all—you as well as I—have subscribed the oath, and which everybody must unswervingly follow, if the peace and security of our community is to be maintained.

"I put my confidence in the hope that the lamentable division and excitement which have penetrated our public life will, by degrees, give way to a less obscured and soberer understanding of the existing conditions and demands of our social life, and that all enlightened and patriotic men, every one within his sphere, will support my endeavors to this end.

"May a gracious Providence avert the calamitous consequences of every attempt to shake the very foundations of the social order under which the Norwegian people have existed happily and free for so many years!

"With a prayer to God that this will be the case, I remain," etc.

The king's speech was applauded by every intelligent and patriotic man in Norway: the nation had spoken through its chief representative, and far and wide did his voice penetrate.

King Oscar's reception in Christiania, the stronghold of the Constitutionalists, was on this occasion a perfect ovation; thousands of people thronged the streets; the populace pressed to his carriage, and, with tears in his eyes, the noble monarch had to appear four times at the entrance to the railway station to take leave of his enthusiastic subjects. This was an unsafe moment for the republicans in the capital.

When the king so hurriedly dissolved the Storting, the republicans became furious, and while Sverdrup, the president, excused himself from attending when his sovereign addressed the Storting, but spent the time in the members' library, the majority decided, by way of showing their displeasure, to depart from time-honored custom, and not to wait on his Majesty *in corpore*. King Oscar held his reception without the deputation from the Storting.

Since these events a general election has taken place in Norway for the Storting 1883-85, and with the result of a gain of nine votes to the republicans. There are, therefore, in the present Storting thirty-one Constitutionalists against eighty-three republicans, as against thirty-nine to seventy-five in the last. Of these, seventy republicans represent counties (*amterne*) and thirteen towns, whilst six Constitutionalists were returned in the counties and twenty-five in the towns. The Constitutionalists lost ten votes, all in towns, but, securing one, the total loss was nine votes. The most important loss was in Bergen, the wealthiest commercial town in Norway, where three conservatives were before returned. There are only two relieving features in the election, viz., that, of the Constitutional members, twenty-five were returned for towns, and that they are in talent, position, and ability, far superior to the republican, some of whom have never before appeared before the public, and that the capital, Christiania, the emporium of civilization in the land, sends four Constitutional members, three of whom are men and debaters of great ability—one being the only son of the ex-premier, Fredrik Stang—and the fourth, the most eminent professor of theology Norway can boast of. In fact, the

defeat of the republicans in the capital, in spite of all their efforts, was so unexpectedly crushing, that the republican organs have in consequence never recovered their wonted self-possession, and it has had the effect of raising the anger of the republicans to such an extent, that it was not until towards the end of the session that the elections were declared legal by the Storting. The voice of the capital penetrated to the innermost corners of the land, and far different would, in my opinion, the result of the last election have been, if it had sounded at the outset of the battle, not near its close. The opinion expressed by the capital has been fully corroborated by the recent municipal elections, when the Constitutional party obtained thirteen hundred and ten votes, the republicans thirty-three!

The new Storting is constituted as follows: 30 peasants (against 47 ten years ago), 27 civil servants, 12 merchants, 11 vergers (!), 11 lawyers, 11 *forskjellige Bestillingsmænd* (persons holding various civil appointments), 8 *Lensmænd* (sheriff's officers), 2 manufacturers, 1 artisan, and one who is relegated to the group "others." Among these are two, Löberg and Sørensen, who have been sentenced for *crimen læsæ majestatis*.

The cause of this deplorable result is not far to seek. The Constitution enacts, as previously stated, that every holder of *matriculated* (registered) soil in the country, is enfranchised, without, however, fixing the *minimum* tax to the crown, and this inadvertency the Storting of 1882 took an undue advantage of, by declaring, just before it dissolved, that all so-called *Myrmand*, i.e., owners of swamps, were entitled to vote. These voters are faggot-voters, who, in order to obtain a vote for the Storting, purchase a swamp, a space of waste land, or the like, perhaps a few yards square, the crown tax of which would be about *one penny*, and thereby obtain the same voice in the legislation of the country as the owner of a thousand fertile acres. This was a clever move of the republicans, and as Myrmand were before the election manufactured by their associations for a fee of Kr. 5 (5s. 6d.) per individual, the result of the late election is not to be wondered at. In support of the above statement, I may mention that during the period 1880-82, no less than three thousand voters were added to the registers by this system; a considerable number, it should be remembered, in a country with a limited franchise. Of these, eight hundred became

qualified by possessing land paying a crown tax of one halfpenny each, thirteen hundred by possessing land paying a crown tax of one farthing, while that of the remaining nine hundred was so small, that it could not be reckoned in Norwegian money! If the republicans unblushingly employed such means as regards the land, in turning the election, what others may not have been pursued in secret? The Constitutionalists, I need hardly say, scorned to take advantage of this declaration, so entirely at variance with the tenor and spirit of the Constitution of a land-owning nation. I consider that the government committed a grave error by not declaring such votes illegal. Thus only in the most unnecessary place, the capital, have any official investigations been opened.

When the Storting dissolved last year, it went to the country with the intention of returning in order to impeach the king's advisers before the *Rigsret*. By the Norwegian constitution, the *Rigsret* is the highest tribunal in the country. Its functions are to try ministers, or members of the Storting, who have committed a *breach of office*. This is the charge which is now advanced against King Oscar's servants.

What will the result of a hostile decision by this quasi court of justice be? In my belief, King Oscar will act entirely in accord with the Constitution, and part with the Selmer ministry; but he will select another, which is as determined to maintain the monarchy as the former. There will be a change of portfolios only, not of policy. And then? Well, then the republicans will, we may imagine, "make up" another *Rigsret*; and when the verdict of this has been pronounced, similar to that of its predecessor, a new election will be at hand. We may then hope that the ignorance of true political freedom, from which the bulk of the youngest of the people of Europe naturally now suffers, may have given way to a clearer understanding of what liberty implies.

Having thus dealt with the various elements in the political strife in Norway, I have only one more left, viz., King Oscar.

There are, in my opinion, few men who have been more grossly misjudged than this monarch. Leaders and articles have, during the last few years, appeared in various journals, chiefly Liberal and Radical, in which the writers have represented King Oscar as a man born in the nineteenth century with the views of a James

I. or Louis XIV. This is far from being the case. King Oscar began, early in life, his career as a sub-lieutenant in the Norwegian navy, with but the remotest prospect of ever wearing a crown. He passed with every honor through all the stages of a naval career, as no carpet officer, as his colleagues will testify; he visited and studied in most of the cities of the world, from the North Cape to the Cape of Good Hope; he has, as a sailor, furrowed every sea on the globe, and been the honored guest of every sovereign in Europe.

But the republicans say they will "compel" King Oscar to accept their terms. Well, we have examined the principal means they fancy they possess to "coerce" him, viz., the Rigsret. The next, that of refusing the supplies, viz., the maintenance of lighthouses, and of fires in the government offices, has been tried and failed, as it is apparent that by this policy the nation at large suffers far more than individuals. On the other hand, there is but little prospect for those who may desire it, that King Oscar, with his keen sense of his duty towards the flower of intelligence in his kingdom, will abdicate, even if the Civil List should be refused.

There remains, then, only one means in the hands of the republicans for accomplishing their purpose, viz., a revolution. Can the republicans in Norway gauge public opinion—can they suppress the organs of the Constitutionalsists—can they extirpate the thinking and intelligent minority in the country—can they compel the king, who takes his stand by the Constitution, to which both he and the Storting have subscribed the oath, to resign, and *Sweden to dissolve the Union*—can they, in fact, raise a civil war and come victorious out of the contest? Then, but not *before*, will Norway become a republic!

CARL SIEWERS.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
THE WIZARD'S SON.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Two days after, Mrs. Methven arrived at Kinloch-houran by the afternoon coach, alone.

She had interpreted very literally the telegram which had brought such a tremor yet such a movement of joy to her heart. Her son wanted her. Perhaps he might be ill, certainly it must be for some-

thing serious and painful that she was called; yet he wanted her! She had been very quiet and patient, waiting if perhaps his heart might be touched and he might recall the tie of nature and his own promises, feeling with a sad pride that she wanted nothing of him but his love, and that without that the fine houses and the new wealth were nothing to her. She was pleased even to stand aloof, to be conscious of having in no way profited by Walter's advancement. She had gained nothing by it, she wished to gain nothing by it. If Walter were well, then there was no need for more. She had enough for herself without troubling him. So long as all was well! But this is at the best a forlorn line of argument, and it cannot be doubted that Mrs. Methven's bosom throbbed with a great pang of disappointment when she sat and smiled to conceal it, and answered questions about Walter, yet could not say that she had seen him or any of his "places in Scotland," or knew much more than her questioners did. When his message arrived her heart leapt in her breast. There were no explanations, no reason given, but that imperative call, such as mothers love to have addressed to them: "Come;" all considerations of her own comfort set aside in the necessity for her which had arisen at last. Another might have resented so complete an indifference to what might happen to suit herself. But there are connections and relationships in which this is the highest compliment. He knew that it did not matter to her what her own convenience was, so long as he wanted her. She got up from her chair at once, and proceeded to put her things together to get ready for the journey. With a smiling countenance she prepared herself for the night train. She would not even take a maid. "He says, alone. He must have some reason for it, I suppose," she said to Miss Merivale. "I am the reason," said Cousin Sophy: "he doesn't want me. You can tell him, with my love, that to travel all night is not at all in my way, and he need have had no fear on that subject." But Mrs. Methven would not agree to this, and departed hurriedly without any maid. She was surprised a little, yet would not allow herself to be displeased, that no one came to meet her; but it was somewhat forlorn to be set down on the side of the loch in the wintry afternoon, with the cold, gleaming water before her, and no apparent way of getting to the end of her journey.

"Oh yes, mem, you might drive round

the head of the loch: but it's a long way," the landlady of the little inn said, smoothing down her apron at the door, "and far simpler just crossing the water, as everybody does in these parts."

Mrs. Methven was a little nervous about crossing the water. She was tired and disappointed, and a chill had crept to her heart. While she stood hesitating a young lady came up, whose boat waited for her on the beach, a man in a red shirt standing at the bow.

"It is a lady for Auchnasheen, Miss Oona," said the landlady, "and no boat. Duncan is away, and for the moment I have not a person to send: and his lordship will maybe be out on the hill, or he will have forgotten, or maybe he wasna sure when to expect you, mem?"

"No, he did not know when to expect me. I hope there is no illness," said Mrs. Methven, with a thrill of apprehension.

At this the young lady came forward with a shy yet frank grace.

"If you will let me take you across," she said, "my boat is ready. I am Oona Forrester. Lord Erradeen is quite well, I think, and I heard that he expected — his mother."

"Yes," said Mrs. Methven. She gave the young stranger a penetrating look. Her own aspect was perhaps a little severe, for her heart had been starved and repressed, and she wore it very warm and low down in her bosom, never upon her sleeve. There rose over Oona's countenance a soft and delicate flush under the eyes of Walter's mother. She had nothing in the world to blush for, and probably that was why the color rose. They were of infinite interest to each other, two souls meeting, as it were, in the dark, quite unknown to each other, and yet — who could tell? — to be very near perhaps in times to come. The look they interchanged was a mutual question. Then Mrs. Methven felt herself bound to take up her invariable defence of her son.

"He did not, most likely, think that I could arrive so soon. I was wrong not to let him know. If I accept your kindness will it be an inconvenience to you?"

This question was drowned in Oona's immediate response and in the louder protest of Mrs. Macfarlane. "Bless me, mem, you canna know the loch! for there is nobody but would put themselves about to help a traveller: and above all Miss Oona, that just has no other thought. Colin, put in the lady's box intill the boat, and Hamish, he will give ye a hand."

Thus it was settled without further delay. It seemed to the elder lady like a dream when she found herself afloat upon this unknown water, the mountains standing round, with their heads all clear and pale in the wonderful atmosphere from which the last rays of the sunset had but lately faded, while down below in this twilight scene the color had begun to go out of the autumn trees and red walls of the ruined castle, at which she looked with a curiosity full of excitement. "That is —" she said, pointing with a strange sensation of eagerness.

"That is Kinloch-houran," said Oona, to whose sympathetic mind, she could not tell how, there came a tender, pitying comprehension of the feelings of the mother, thus thrust alone and without any guide into the other life of her son.

"It is very strange to me — to see the place where Walter — You know perhaps that neither my son nor I were ever here until he —"

"Oh yes," Oona said hastily, interrupting the embarrassed speech; and she added, "My mother and I have been here always, and everybody on the loch knows everybody else. We were aware —"

And then she paused too; but her companion took no notice, her mind being fully occupied. "I feel," she said, "like a woman in a dream."

It was very still on the loch, scarcely a breath stirring (which was very fortunate, for Mrs. Methven, unaccustomed, had a little tremor for the dark water even though so smooth). The autumnal trees alone, not quite put out by the falling darkness, seemed to lend a little light as they hung, reflected, over the loch — a redder cluster here and there looking like a fairy lamp below the water. A thousand suggestions were in the air, and previsions of she knew not what, a hidden life surrounding her on every side. Her brain was giddy, her heart full. By-and-by she turned to her young companion, who was so sympathetically silent, and whose soft voice when she spoke, with the little cadence of an accent unfamiliar yet sweet, had a half caressing sound which touched the solitary woman. "You say your mother and you," she said. "Are you too an only child?"

"Oh no; there are eight of us: but I am the youngest, the only one left. All the boys are away. We live on the isle. I hope you will come and see us. My mother will be glad —"

"And she is not afraid to trust you — by yourself? It must be a happy thing

for a woman to have a daughter," Mrs. Methven said, with a sigh. "The boys, as you say, go away."

"Nobody here is afraid of the loch," said Oona. "Accidents happen — oh, very rarely. Mamma is a little nervous about yachting, for the winds come down from the hills in gusts; but Hamish is the steadiest oar, and there is no fear. Do you see now the lights at Auchna-sheen? There is some one waiting, at the landing-place. It will be Lord Erradeen, or some one from the house. Hamish, mind the current. You know how it sweeps the boat up the loch?"

"It will just be the wash of that confounded steamboat," Hamish said.

The voices sounded in the air without conveying any sense to her mind. Was that Walter, the vague line of darker shadow upon the shade? Was it his house she was going to, his life that she was entering once more? All doubts were put to an end speedily by Walter's voice.

"Is it Hamish?" he cried out.

"Oh, Lord Erradeen, it is me," cried Oona, in her soft Scotch. "And I am bringing you your mother."

The boat grated on the bank as she spoke, and this disguised the tremor in her voice, which Mrs. Methven, quite incapable of distinguishing anything else, was yet fully sensible of. She stepped out tremulously into her son's arms.

"Mother," he cried, "what must you think of me for not coming to meet you? I never thought you could be here so soon."

"I should have come by telegraph if I could," she said with an agitated laugh: so tired, so tremulous, so happy, the strangest combination of feelings overwhelming her. But still she was aware of a something, a tremor, a tingle in Oona's voice. The boat receded over the water almost without a pause, Hamish, under impulsion of a whispered word, having pushed off again as soon as the traveller and her box was landed. Walter paused to call out his thanks over the water, and then he drew his mother's arm within his, and led her up the bank.

"Where is Jane?" he said. "Have you no one with you? Have you travelled all night, and alone, mother, for me?"

"For whom should I do it, but for you? And did you think I would lose a minute after your message, Walter? But you are well, there is nothing wrong with your health?"

"Nothing wrong with my health," he said with a half laugh. "No, that is safe enough. I have not deserved that you should come to me, mother —"

"There is no such word as deserving between mother and son," she said tremulously, "so long as you want me, Walter."

"Take care of those steps," was all he said. "We are close now to the house. I hope you will find your rooms comfortable. I fear they have not been occupied for some time. But what shall you do without a maid? Perhaps the house-keeper —"

"You said to come alone, Walter."

"Oh yes. I was afraid of Cousin Sophy; but you could not think I wanted to impair your comfort, mother? Here we are at the door, and here is Symington, very glad to receive his lady."

"But you must not let him call me so."

"Why not? You are our lady to all of us. You are the lady of the house, and I bid you welcome to it, mother," he said, pausing to kiss her. She had a thousand things to forgive, but in that moment they were as though they had not been.

And there was not much more said until she had settled down into possession of the library, which answered instead of a drawing-room, and had dined, and been brought back to the glowing peat fire which gave an aromatic breath of warmth and character to the Highland house. When all the business of the arrival had thus been gone through, there came a moment when it was apparent that subjects of more importance must be entered upon. There was a pause, and an interval of complete silence which seemed much longer than it really was. Walter stood before the fire for some time, while she sat close by, her hands clasped in her lap, ready to attend. Then he began to move about uneasily, feeling the compulsion of the moment, yet unprepared with anything to say. At length it was she who began.

"You sent for me, Walter?" she said.

"Yes, mother."

Was there nothing more to tell her? He threw about half the books on the table, and then he came back again, and once more faced her, standing with his back to the fire.

"My dear," she said, hesitating, "it is with no reproach I speak, but only — There was some reason for sending for me?"

He gave once more a nervous laugh.

"You have good reason to be angry if you will; but I'll tell you the truth, mother.

I made use of you to get rid of Underwood. He followed me here, and I told him you were coming, and that he could not stay against the will of the mistress of the house. Then I was bound to ask you —"

The poor lady drew back a little, and instinctively put her hand to her heart, in which there was a hot thrill of sensation, as if an arrow had gone in. And then, in the pang of it she laughed too, and cried, —

"You were bound, to be sure, to fulfil your threat. And this is why — this is why, Walter —"

She could not say more without being hysterical, and departing from every rule she had made for herself.

Meanwhile, Walter stood before her, feeling in his own heart the twang of that arrow which had gone through hers, and the pity of it and wonder of it, with a poignant realization of all; and yet found nothing to say.

After a while Mrs. Methven regained her composure, and spoke with a smile that was almost more pathetic than tears.

"After all, it was a very good reason. I am glad you used me to get rid of that man."

"I always told you, mother," he said, "that you had a most absurd prejudice against that man. There is no particular harm in the man. I had got tired of him. He is well enough in his own way, but he was out of place here."

"Well, Walter, we need not discuss Captain Underwood. But don't you see it is natural that I should exaggerate his importance by way of giving myself the better reason for having come?"

The touch of bitterness and sarcasm that was in her words made Walter start from his place again, and once more turn over the books on the table. She was not a perfect woman to dismiss all feeling from what she said, and her heart was wrung.

After a while he returned to her again.

"Mother, I acknowledge you have a good right to be displeased. But that is not all. I am glad, anyhow — heartily glad to have you here."

She looked up at him with her eyes full, and quivering lips. Everything went by impulse in the young man's mind, and this look — in which for once in his life he read the truth, the eagerness to forgive, the willingness to forget, the possibility, even in the moment of her deepest pain, of giving her happiness — went to his heart. After all it is a wonderful thing to have a

human creature thus altogether dependent upon your words, your smile, ready to encounter all things for you, without hesitation, without a grudge. And why should she? What had he ever done for her? And she was no fool. These thoughts had already passed through his mind with a realization of the wonder of it all, which seldom strikes the young at sight of the devotion of the old. All these things flashed back upon him at sight of the dumb anguish yet forgiveness in her eyes.

"Mother," he cried, "there's enough of this between you and me. I want you not for Underwood, but for everything. Why should you care for a cad like me? but you do —"

"Care for you? Oh, my boy!"

"I know; there you sit that have travelled night and day because I held up my finger: and would give me your life if you could, and bear everything, and never change and never tire. Why, in the name of God, why?" he cried with an outburst. "What have I ever done that you should do this for me? You are worth a score of such as I am, and yet you make yourself a slave."

"Oh, Walter, my dear! how vain are all these words. I am your mother," she said.

Presently he drew a chair close to her and sat down beside her.

"All these things have been put before me," he said, "to drive me to despair. I have tried to say that it was this vile lordship, and the burden of the family, that has made me bad, mother. But you know better than that," he said, looking up at her with a stormy gleam in his face that could not be called a smile, "and so do I."

"Walter, God forbid that I should ever have thought you bad. You have been led astray."

"To do — what I wanted to do," he said with another smile, "that is what is called leading astray between a man and those who stand between him and the devil; but I have talked with one who thinks of no such punctilios. Mother, vice deserves damnation; isn't that your creed?"

"Walter!"

"Oh, I know; but listen to me. If that were so, would a woman like you stand by the wretch still?"

"My dearest boy! you are talking wildly. There are no circumstances, none! in which I should not stand by you."

"That is what I thought," he said,

"you and — But they say that you don't know, you women, how bad a man can be: and that if you knew — And then as for God —"

"God knows everything, Walter."

"Ay: and knows that never in my life did I care for or appeal to him, till in despair. If you think of it, these are not things a man can do, mother: take refuge with women who would loathe him if they knew; or with God, who does know that only in desperation, only when nothing else is left him, he calls out that name like a spell. Yes, that is all; like an incantation, to get rid of the fiend."

The veins were swollen on Walter's forehead; great drops of moisture hung upon it; on the other hand his lips were parched and dry, his eyes gleaming with a hot, treacherous lustre. Mrs. Methven, as she looked at him, grew sick with terror. She began to think that his brain was giving away.

"What am I to say to you?" she cried; "who has been speaking so? It cannot be a friend, Walter. That is not the way to bring back a soul."

He laughed, and the sound alarmed her still more.

"There was no friendship intended," he said, "nor reformation either. It was intended — to make me a slave."

"To whom, oh! to whom?"

He had relieved his mind by talking thus; but it was by putting his burden upon her. She was agitated beyond measure by these partial confidences. She took his hands in hers, and pleaded with him, —

"Oh, Walter, my darling, what has happened to you? Tell me what you mean."

"I am not mad, mother, if that is what you think."

"I don't think so, Walter. I don't know what to think. Tell me. Oh, my boy, have pity upon me; tell me."

"You will do me more good, mother, if you will tell me — how I am to get this burden off, and be a free man."

"The burden of — what? Sin? Oh, my son!" she cried, rising to her feet, with tears of joy streaming from her eyes. She put her hands upon his head and bade God bless him. God bless him! "There is no doubt about that; no difficulty about that," she said; "for everything else in the world there may be uncertainty, but for this none. God is more ready to forgive than we are to ask. If you wish it sincerely with all your heart, it is done. He is never far from any of

us. He is here, Walter — here, ready to pardon!"

He took her hands which she had put upon him, and looked at her, shaking his head.

"Mother, you are going too fast," he said. "I want deliverance, it is true; but I don't know if it is *that* I mean."

"That is at the bottom of all, Walter."

He put her softly into her chair, and calmed her agitation; then he began to walk up and down the room.

"That is religion," he said. "I suppose it is at the bottom of all. What was it you used to teach me, mother, about a new heart? Can a man enter a second time — and be born? That seems all so visionary when one is living one's life. You think of hundreds of expedients first. To thrust it away from you, and forget all about it; but that does not answer; to defy it and go the other way out of misery and spite. Then to try compromises; marriage, for instance, with a wife perhaps, one thinks —"

"My dear," said Mrs. Methven, with a sad sinking of disappointment in her heart after her previous exultation, yet determined that her sympathy should not fail, "if you had a good wife no one would be so happy as I — a good girl who would help you to live a good life."

Here he came up to her again, and, leaning against the table, burst into a laugh. But there was no mirth in it. A sense of the ludicrous is not always mirthful.

"A girl," he said, "mother, who would bring another fortune to the family: who would deluge us with money, and fill out the lines of the estates, and make peace — peace between me and — And not a bad girl either," he added with a softening tone, "far too good for me. An honest, upright little soul, only not — the best: only not the one who — would hate me if she knew —"

"Walter," said Mrs. Methven, trembling, "I don't understand you. Your words seem very wild to me. I am all confused with them, and my brain seems to be going. What is it you mean? Oh, if you would tell me all you mean and not only a part which I cannot understand!"

There never happens in any house a conversation of a vital kind which is not interrupted at a critical moment by the entrance of the servants, those legitimate intruders who can never be staved off. It was Symington now who came in with tea, which, with a woman's natural desire to prevent any suspicion of agitation in

the family, she accepted. When he had gone the whole atmosphere was changed. Walter had seated himself by the fire with the newspapers which had just come in, and all the emotion and *attendrissement* were over. He said to her, looking up from his reading, —

"By-the-by, mother, Julia Herbert is here with some cousins; they will be sure to call on you. But I don't want to have any more to do with them than we can help. You will manage that?"

"Julia Herbert!" she said. The countenance which had melted into so much softness, froze again and grew severe. "Here! why should she be here? Indeed, I hope I shall be able to manage that, as you say."

But oh, what ignoble offices for a woman who would have given her life for him, as he knew! To frighten away Underwood, to "manage" Julia. Patience! so long as it was for her boy.

From Temple Bar.

A KNIGHT-ERRANT'S PILGRIMAGE.

"Tell me; don't think that this knight-errant pilgrimage will be likely to win the Spanish lady?"

King James to the Lord Keeper Williams.

AT a late hour of the evening of March 7, 1623, two travellers, wearied and dust-stained, rode their horses into the courtyard of the house of the Earl of Bristol at Madrid, and demanded an audience of its owner. They gave their names as Jack and Tom Smith. Among the diplomatists of his day, the Earl of Bristol held high rank. Sprung from a family which had owned land in the fair county of Warwickshire since the days of the first Crusade, John Digby had early been presented at the court of his sovereign, and was soon one of its established favorites. Handsome, accomplished, and a master of those arts and graces which in the seventeenth century were indispensable to the education of the finished gentleman, young Digby was precisely the man to rise rapidly in the estimation of one who, like James I., was much impressed by the charms of personal appearance and a high-bred manner. After a brief apprenticeship as a courtier, Digby was appointed a gentleman of the Privy Chamber, a member of the Council, and on receiving the accolade of knighthood crossed the Pyrenees as ambassador to Spain. His conduct at Madrid proved him worthy of being entrusted with the

more complicated branches of diplomacy, and he was sent to Germany to bring about a peace for the elector Palatine, then robbed of his country, and in deep distress. His services, though unsuccessful on this occasion, were not to be ignored; the envoy was raised to the peerage as Baron Digby, and the castle and lands of Sherburne, which had once been held by the ill-fated Sir Walter Raleigh, now acknowledged him as their master.

On three separate occasions he had proceeded to Spain as the representative of his sovereign, and had acquitted himself with such credit as to make all that concerned Spanish politics his especial province. For the fourth time he was to journey from London to Madrid as the accredited agent of his master, on one of the most important missions that had ever occupied his able and vigilant brain. King James had long been scheming, with those who counselled the young monarch who then sat on the throne of Spain, for a matrimonial alliance between Charles, Prince of Wales, and the fair infanta Maria, the sister of Philip IV. No insurmountable obstacles had at first presented themselves to the union, yet, as various important matters had to be considered, knotty points to be settled, and weighty deliberations to be entered into, it was deemed advisable to despatch Lord Digby as ambassador extraordinary to Spain. Our representative at Madrid at that date was Sir Walter Aston, a loyal and cautious diplomatist, but lacking, it was thought, the experience and *finesse* necessary for so complicated a negotiation as a marriage between a Catholic infanta and a Protestant Prince of Wales. To give increased weight to the mission of Lord Digby, that distinguished personage was raised to the peerage by the style of Earl of Bristol.

To Charles the proposed union was everything that was desirable. The portrait he possessed of the infanta showed him a fair-haired girl, like one of the heroines of Goethe, with soft blue eyes, the arched eyebrows of the Peninsula, a full, pouting mouth idealized into the Cupid's bow of the artist, whilst the expression of the classic oval of the face was full of thought and amiability. Young, ardent, and endowed in no small measure with the sentimentality of lads of his age, the prince, always impulsive, could ill brook the slow and formal proceedings of diplomacy. He wished to see the infanta, to meet her face to face, to inspire within her the passion he himself entertained,

and to make his suit, not through a precise and hair-splitting envoy, but in his own person. His desire had been cleverly stimulated by a former Spanish ambassador at London, who, on his return to Madrid, had written to Buckingham, that if the prince would only pay a visit to Spain, all would be satisfactorily settled, and according to the wishes of his Royal Highness. "Bring him here," said Gondomar, "and I will engage that the affair will be speedily settled."

As the negotiations slowly proceeded between the careful Bristol and Olivarez, the astute but shifty prime minister of Spain—touching the papal dispensation necessary to sanction the mixed marriage; the relief to be granted to the English Papists; the establishment to be accorded to the infanta on her arrival in London; and the restoration of the Palatinate—all of which filled volumes of State papers and were the subject of frequent conferences held at Madrid and St. Lorenzo—as these long-drawn-out diplomatic deliberations pursued their tardy course, the young prince grew hot and hasty. Why should he not take the matter himself in hand? A union between Spain and England was most desirable for each country to obtain the end it had in view—for England to stem the power of the house of Austria; for Spain to make England Catholic—why then should he not hasten over the Pyrenees and press his suit in person? How could it be expected that the infanta, naturally prejudiced against him as a Protestant, should be enthusiastic as to her marriage with one she had never seen, whose portrait she did not even possess, and who only knew about her suitor by hearsay? If the hint of Gondomar were acted upon, how different might be the result! As Charles looked at himself in the mirror he felt he had no reason to be ashamed of the reflection which met his gaze, or to fear that his wooing would be fruitless. He was not like many of the princes of his day, who had to court by proxy, not so much on account of State reasons, as because they were among the most repulsive works of nature—deformed, dissipated, or diseased. Charles in his youth, as in his later days, was eminently a handsome man; indeed, he owes no little of the sympathy with which posterity for the most part regards his fate, to his silky locks, his well-moulded brow, his dark, expressive eyes, the carefully trimmed moustache and imperial, that high-bred look which we generally associate with the gentleman of ancient race,

his tall and distinguished figure. Even Buckingham, who was one of the handsomest subjects of his time, was considered by many to be inferior, so far as personal attractions were concerned, to the Prince of Wales. Nor was Charles a mere beauty man—empty-headed, resourceless, and indifferent to everything which did not minister to the vanity of the moment. He was well read and upon subjects which do not always come within the perusal of even the scholar; he had a keen and cultivated taste for art, and was an excellent judge of paintings; in music he was no mean proficient; though shy with strangers, he spoke well and sensibly when amid those he knew intimately; he was a graceful dancer, and in all the manly exercises of his age he excelled. So endowed, physically and intellectually, Charles may well have thought that obstacles, which appeared grave and weighty when considered in a despatch or at a Council, would fade away before the sunshine of his presence. Absence may make the heart grow fonder, but where there is no fondness—as was the case then with the infanta—the absent are always at a disadvantage.

A tour to Spain was the subject of frequent discussion between the prince and his one great friend Buckingham. We often find that the most complete intimacy exists between characters the exact opposite of each other. "Steenie," as James nicknamed Buckingham on account of a supposed resemblance to St. Stephen, was in every respect a decided contrast to "Baby Charles," as the doting father called his heir. Beyond that both men were singularly handsome, they had not a single feature in common; each was morally and physically the antithesis of the other. The prince was so correct of life that the wits at Paris vowed he was as virgin as his sword; the favorite, on the other hand, was loose and dissolute in the extreme. Charles was quiet, sensitive, and the most polished of gentlemen; Buckingham, when the veneer of the courtier had worn off, was bold, noisy, overbearing, and offensive. Charles was a man of culture and fond of all that culture enjoins; Buckingham had no ideas beyond those of the dissipated man of fashion; he filled high offices—he was lord high admiral, lord president of the Council, a knight of the Garter, the first minister in the realm, a marquis with a dukedom in expectancy—but he did nothing; he was appointed to various commands, and he only proved his in-

competency; his aim was to shine — and there he shone resplendently when his temper had not been crossed — in the boudoir and the salon. Charles was a prince, conscious of the responsibilities of his position, and desirous of sustaining them with dignity; Buckingham was a successful adventurer, with all the arrogance and aggressiveness of the upstart. Yet between these two men the warmest and most loyal friendship prevailed. Steenie, as the elder by some eight years, suggested and Baby Charles followed. The prince never engaged in any enterprise without first consulting his faithful friend and adviser; Buckingham was in those days to Charles all that Strafford and Laud were to him in after years. The two were inseparable, but it was a union in which the one leads whilst the other obeys. It was therefore not to be expected, when Buckingham suggested that the advice of Gondamar should be acted upon and that the long-talked-of visit to Madrid should really be paid, that Charles should be averse to the proposal. The prince gladly assented to the plan. It was agreed that the two young men, under false names, should cross over to Paris, and there take horse and ride straight with as little delay as possible on the road to Madrid.

The journey was to be kept a strict secret until the travellers had reached their destination; it was not to be broached to the Council, only the king was to be informed of it, in order to obtain his assent. At first James would not listen to the idea; he was fearful of the dangers which his "deare boys" might encounter on their travels; he spoke of the harm which might ensue to the nation, should anything happen to the sovereign whilst the heir-apparent was out of the country; he did not think such a romantic step would promote the match, the Council and the nation would be opposed to it; and then he was eloquent upon the chance of the prince, once lodged at Madrid, not being permitted to return home, but treated as a hostage until all the terms required by Spain had been agreed to. Steenie and Baby Charles declined, however, to be deterred from their purpose, and after nearly two months spent in the employment of all the wiles of persuasion and opposition, the king reluctantly gave sanction to what he termed a "mad course." Assent once obtained, the ardent travellers were not long in carrying their scheme into execution. Disguised and their faces hidden by false beards,

they made their way to Dover, there took boat for Calais, then pushed on to Paris, where they stayed a few days, and where Charles saw his future wife, Henrietta Maria, at a masque at the Luxembourg; quitting Paris, a hard ride of thirteen days brought them to Madrid, where we meet them as Jack and Tom Smith, dismounting in the courtyard of the palace occupied by my lord of Bristol.

The presence of such distinguished strangers was soon an open secret among the Madrileños, and it was wished that no honors which court etiquette could suggest should be withheld. The day after his arrival, Buckingham, accompanied by Lord Bristol, Sir Walter Aston, and Gondomar, called upon the Conde-Duque de Olivarez.

Olivarez was in Spain what Richelieu was in France, and Buckingham in England — the chief adviser of the crown, and practically the ruler of the country. He had early obtained considerable influence over Philip IV., when infante, and on the young king's accession wielded absolute sway in all affairs of government. Endowed with an energy which was indefatigable, unscrupulous, vindictive, and domineering, he allowed no rival to come between him and his sovereign. It was he and he alone who drew up every important State paper, who influenced the decisions of councils and juntas, and who in all moments of emergency fashioned the policy that was to be adopted. The one aim of Don Gaspar Guzman, Conde-Duque de Olivarez, was to give the house of Austria a dominant influence in the affairs of Europe, and to make it the one house whose power whenever exercised should cause the scale to be turned in its favor. He was secretly opposed to the alliance with England, wishing the infanta to marry a son of the emperor, and he evinced his opposition not overtly, but by raising demands one after the other to which he felt sure that Bristol, as the representative of a Protestant power, could not accede. Outwardly he expressed himself as devoted to the interests of England, and as a warm ally of the Prince of Wales. In the then tortuous and involved condition of European politics, it was not advisable for him to make an enemy of James.

On the conclusion of the interview, Olivarez escorted Buckingham to the palace of Philip IV.

The Conde de Olivarez [we are told] * after

* State Papers — Spain, March, 1623, "Relation of

they had conversed a while together, carried my Lord Marquis up a back way into the King's quarter, where he had private audience of the King, who received him with extraordinary courtesy, and with the expression of so great joy that it appeared unto my Lord Marquis before he took his leave of the King that his Majesty was not ignorant of his Highness's arrival; also the Conde de Olivarez having procured the King's leave, came back with my Lord Marquis that night, and kissed his Highness's hands, in whose presence he would by no means be covered, although he was a grandee who usually kept his hat on before his own King.

The prince was most anxious to see the infanta, but as yet this desire, owing to Spanish etiquette, could only be gratified surreptitiously.

The next day being Sunday [says our chronicler]* the King, that he might satisfy the desire which he understood by my Lord Marquis his Highness had of seeing the Infanta his mistress, came abroad to visit a monastery, having with him in his coach the Infanta, and Don Carlos and the Infante Cardinal his brothers; so that his Highness going forth secretly in a coach had his full sight of them all at three several places as they passed.

Shortly after sunset Philip, who "had not the patience to abstain any longer," begged an interview with the prince. It was accorded, and the two men met on the Prado.

Here, having embraced and saluted each the other with as much kindness as possibly can be imagined, they spent some half an hour together in the King's coach in discourse, my Lord of Bristol serving as interpreter; the King forced his Highness (as at all other meetings which they had afterwards) to take the hand and place of him.†

Two days afterwards, on the evening of the Tuesday following,

His Highness and the King met a second time privately in a place not far from the King's palace, where the King, taking his Highness into his coach, and with him the Lord Marquis, the Conde de Olivarez, and my Lord of Bristol, carried him to a house of pleasure hard by called Casa del Campo (this was a small royal palace near Madrid with a lovely garden), where, after they had passed more than an hour together, when his Highness was to return, he could by no striving prevail with the King but he would bring him better than an English mile homewards as far as with conveniency he could.‡

the Prince, his Arrival in Spain, his Reception and Entertainment."

* Ibid.

† Ibid.

‡ Ibid.

During the next few days Charles amused himself in the fields "a hawking with my Lord of Bristol his hawks."

The public entry of the prince into Madrid was arranged for the 26th of March; and never, we are told, "had a more solemn reception been given on any occasion by Spain to her own kings." Philip met his guest at the Convent of San Geronimo, from which establishment it was the custom for the kings of Castile to make their ceremonial ingress into the city on the occasion of their coronation. Thus it pleased Spain to treat the young prince as one of her own kings, an honor then perfectly exceptional. The hour was four o'clock. Two magnificently caparisoned genets were brought round to the entrance door of the convent, and as soon as Philip and Charles had settled themselves in their saddles the procession started.

And so [records the chronicler]* the King giving his Highness the hand, they passed towards the palace under a canopy of state carried by the *regidores* (who are those which have the government of the town) unto whom it belongeth, by their offices, who to the number of about thirty were for that purpose clothed in cloth of tissue, lined with crimson cloth of gold: before them went the nobility and grandees, all very rich, attended by their several liveries, which were also very rich and costly; next after them came my Lord Marquis and the Conde de Olivarez, executing their places as the masters of the horse, the Conde giving my Lord Marquis the hand. After them followed my Lord of Bristol and Sir Walter Aston, accompanied with divers counsellors of state and the gentlemen of the King's chamber. Having passed in this manner through the town to the King's palace, the King, as soon as they were alighted, brought his Highness up to the Queen's quarter, where he was received by her with much courtesy, and after conducted by the King to those lodgings which were appointed for his Highness in the palace; where, after they had been and conversed a while, the King left the Prince, not suffering his Highness to accompany him any farther than the door.

Keys were then given to Charles and Buckingham which would admit them whenever they chose into the private apartments of his Majesty.

The prince was now the hero of the hour. The romance which was attached to his visit, his handsome face and dignified bearing, the sweetness of his disposition, his careful regard for all the

* State Papers—Spain, March, 1623, "Relation of the Prince, his Arrival in Spain, his Reception and Entertainment."

restrictions enjoined by the most rigid court in Europe, made him intensely popular in the capital.

They seem here [writes Bristol to Sir Dudley Carleton]* in a manner ravished with the rareness of the accident, and know not what expression of their joy and affection may be answerable thereunto; and I persuade myself, if it be possible that they can forget for a while their Spanish gravity, it will be now. I am sure they have passed already farther than the usual fashions and customs of this Court and State.

Charles never forgot that he was a prince as well as a lover, and the studied dignity of his manner impressed a nation especially alive to all the graces of good breeding.

His comportment is so noble [writes Simon Digby, Lord Bristol's private secretary] as draweth all that see it into admiration of him, and he hath already won the hearts of this people so that they are all his servants; and verily a prince of a nobler disposition lives not in the world.

On all sides we hear nothing but praise of the conduct of Charles at this time. The Spaniards were as pleased with him as the English were proud of him. The arrival of the heir-apparent naturally created no little flutter at the English embassy at Madrid.

During the first weeks after his arrival, the life of the prince was one round of gaiety. Masques, balls, banquets, were constantly being given in his honor. He hunted the wild boar, went a-hawking, and was a frequent attendant at the bull-fight, which then as now constituted the most prominent of the amusements furnished by Madrid.

Still pleasure was not permitted to interfere with the graver details of business. The prince had come to marry the infanta, and not to pass his time as a mere tourist in watching Spanish manners and customs, or as a distinguished visitor enjoying the hospitalities of the court and of its grandees. After his public entry into Madrid he had been introduced to his lady-love, and he was even more fascinated by her charms and accomplishments than he had expected, though his expectations had been high. Before he had paid his court a month to the infanta — though the courtship had to be carried on under the terrible restrictions of Spanish etiquette — he was so deeply enamored of his mistress that he was ready to agree to any terms that Olivarez or the Junta of

Theologians might impose upon him. The course of true love, we know from high poetic authority, seldom runs smooth, nor was the Spanish match to be any exception to the rule. The religious question, as in all mixed marriages, was the most formidable of the difficulties that came up for settlement. Charles was a Protestant, and his flame the most loyal and devout of Catholics. The prince would agree to use his influence with Parliament and the Privy Council for the redress of the grievances under which the English Papists then labored; he made no objection to the infanta, when his wife, having a Catholic establishment of her own and practising the Roman ritual; he was willing that the children resulting from the marriage should up to a certain age be subject to the control of the mother; but he could not himself change his faith, as Olivarez had fondly anticipated, and be converted to Roman Catholicism. And this was now the chief obstacle that had to be overcome. The prince was firm in his Protestantism, though he had been advised to express himself as "open to conviction;" the infanta was a Papist and ought not, she affirmed, struggling between inclination and conscience, to marry a heretic. In this remonstrance she was strengthened by those around her.

Her confessor [writes Bristol to James],* a Franciscan friar, has done all the ill offices he could to divert her from the match, telling her that "a heretic was worse than a devil, and therefore what a comfortable bedfellow she was like to have when he that was to lie by her side and to be father of her children, was sure to go to hell;" and this language was likewise held to her by divers women about her, whereupon the poor young lady grew to be much distracted and to have the match in a kind of horror.

Indeed the poor infanta knew not what course to adopt; pious and amiable, she was at her wits' end between the dictates of her heart — which were not hostile to the handsome young prince — the wishes of her brother — who was in favor of the match, hoping thereby to convert heretic England — and the tortuous counsels of Olivarez. Among the Spanish State papers there is a portrait of this suffering damsel drawn at full length by the careful hand of Sir Toby Matthew, the son of the Archbishop of York, but a pervert who had been sent to Madrid on a special mission in connection with the match.

* State Papers — Spain, March 10, 1623.

* State Papers — Spain, August 18, 1623.

The Infanta Donna Maria [he writes]* will have seventeen years of age this next August; as yet she seems but low of stature, for she useth no help at all [i.e., does not wear high-heeled shoes?], and the women of this country are not generally tall: but the Infanta is much of the same stature which those ladies have who live in the Court of Spain and are of the same years as her. She is fair in all perfection. Her favor [face] is very good and far from having any one ill feature in it. Her countenance is sweet in a very extraordinary manner, and shows her to be both highly borne; and with all that she placeth no great felicity in that, for really there seems to shine from her soul through her body as great sweetness and goodness as can be desired in a creature. Her close ruff and cuffs are said by them who know it best to be greatly to her disadvantage; for that both her head is rarely well set on her neck, and so are her excellent hands to her arms, and they say [quaintly remarks Sir Toby] that before she is dressed she is incomparably better than afterwards.

But as for the virtue of her mind [he continues] it is held to exceed the beauty of her person very far. In her religion she is very pious and devout. She daily spendeth two or three hours in prayer. She confesseth and communicateth twice every week—namely, upon every Wednesday and every Saturday. She carryeth a particular and most tender devotion to the Blessed Sacrament and the Immaculate Conception of Our Blessed Lady. She doth usually make some little thing with her own hands day by day which may be for the use of sick or wounded persons in the hospitals; and many times it is but drawing lint out of linen which may serve for wounds. All that which the King her brother giveth her for play or for toys, according to her fancy (which comes to about a hundred pounds a month), she employeth wholly upon the poor. She is generally of few words, but yet of very sweet and easy conversation when she is private with her ladies.

Her mind, they say [proceeds the analyst] is more awake than they who know her not well would easily believe. They who have studied her most tell me that she is very sensible of any real unkindness; but that this costeth no body anything but herself, for she makes no noise and expostulates not, but only grieves. Of her person and beauty and dressing she is careless, and takes what they bring her without more ado. She is thought to be of great courage for a woman, and to despise danger. For, besides that she never starts as many women do at sudden things, nor is frightened by thunder or lightning, or the like, they observe how that when that the last year at Aranjuez, where the Queen made a show or public entertainment for the King into which themselves did enter with many other ladies, and when the scaffolds and boughs fell into a sudden fire, and when the company was much frightened

with the imminent danger thereof and was flying from there at full speed, the Infanta did but call the Conde de Olivares to her and willed him to defend her from the press of the people, and so she went off with her usual pace and without shewing to be in any disorder at all, even so much as by the least change of her color. Many virtues are said to live in the heart of this lady, but that which reigns and is sovereign in her is a resolution which she hath maintained inviolable from her very infancy—never to speak ill of any creature; and not only so, but to shew a plain dislike of them who speak ill of others, saying sometimes, "perhaps it is not so," or else, "a body can believe nothing but what they see," or else, "it is good to hear both sides," and the like. The world in Spain doth all conspire to honor, love, and admire this lady, but the King her brother doth make more proof of it than they all, for there is no one evening wherein he goeth not to visit her in her own lodgings, and he will sit by her sometimes whilst she is making herself ready. And he is often giving her presents and would have her command him to give her more; but as for that, there is no remedy, for she could never be entreated to ask anything for herself.

To the king of England she expressed herself as much beholden.

She hath been often heard [continues Sir Toby] upon several occasions to speak with great tenderness of the King our sovereign, and how deeply she holdeth herself obliged to him for the great honor and favor which she understands his Majesty to have done her, and for the tender care which he vouchsafes to have of her. And I have particular reasons which make me think that I know that the loving reverence which she will bear towards him, and the hearty obedience which she will perform to his Majesty, will give him such an unspeakable kind of comfort as perhaps he did little look for in this kind in this life.

As to the light in which the infanta regards Charles, Sir Toby is more cautious.

How much the Infanta [he proceeds] doth honor and esteem the Prince the vulgar cannot say; but there be enough in the world who know that she doth it extremely much according to her great obligation. The time is not yet arrived for her to make those public expressions thereof which are not warranted by the style of this Court, till the treaty be absolutely at an end. Yet I have no doubt but that this time is near at hand, and my heart is full of joy to think how happy our excellent Prince shall be in the sweet society of such a wife, and how happy they will make the world by a glorious issue. And in the mean time a man may guess how the Infanta's pulse beateth towards his Highness, since by occasion of my Lord Admiral's indisposition this last week, through the swelling of his face caused by the drawing of a tooth, the Infanta hearing of it did express

* State Papers—Spain, June 28, 1623.

to have much grief for his pain, and was still inquiring of her ladies how he did, declaring that she would not for anything of this world that any ill accident should lay hold upon him, especially in this journey which he had undertaken in the service of the Prince upon this occasion.

Love me, love my dog; to take an interest in Buckingham was to take an interest in Charles.

Upon the arrival of the prince at Madrid, it had been confidently expected by those about the king that he would prove himself willing to abjure his Anglicanism and embrace the creed of Rome. It was felt that unless Charles had entertained some such idea, he would not have expressed so keen a desire to be linked with a Catholic, or have hurried across the Pyrenees to woo the infanta in person. It is said that Philip, on first hearing of the arrival of his distinguished visitor, judged, "like all other prudent men, that the prince's journey proceeded from a deliberate resolve to overcome the difficulties of religion without which the marriage could not take effect," and that he was "infinitely delighted" therewith. Yet his joy at the prospective conversion of one who was to be his brother-in-law was not to throw him off his guard and make him less severe in the conditions he demanded, for, we are told that, approaching a crucifix which was at the head of his bed, he exclaimed

in the spirit which inspired Charles the Fifth when he saw such an image which had been shot at by the heretics in the river Elbe: "Lord, I swear to Thee by the crucified union of God and man which I adore in Thee, at whose feet I place my lips, that not only shall the coming of the Prince of Wales not prevail with me, in anything touching Thy holy Catholic religion, to go a step beyond that which Thy vicar the Roman Pontiff may resolve, but that I will keep my resolution even if it were to involve the loss of all the kingdoms which by Thy favor and mercy I possess."*

During the first few days after his arrival, the conduct of the prince gave, it is true, a certain color to these hopes. He attended mass, he conversed freely with the ecclesiastics attached to the palace, he exhibited none of the levity and prejudices of the ordinary Protestant towards things held sacred by the Papist; and the Catholic clergy joyfully predicted that not only the prince, but his kingdom, would

speedily swear fealty to the Roman see, and what the Armada had failed in accomplishing would be effected by the union with the infanta.

This fond assurance was, however, somewhat rudely shaken by the presence at Madrid of two Anglican priests, Mawe and Wren, who had been especially despatched by the king of England to act as chaplains to the household of the prince. The instructions which were to guide the behavior of these divines on this occasion had been drawn up by James himself, and were very careful and explicit. A room was to be set apart in the quarters of the prince, to be used as a place for divine worship, and for no other purpose. It was to be decently adorned "chapel-wise;" an altar was to be erected at its east end; and there were to be provided palls, linen coverings, a carpet, four surplices, candlesticks, tapers, chalices, patens, wafers for the holy communion, two copes, a basin and flagons, "a fine towel for the prince," and other towels for the household. Prayers were to be held twice a day, and every reverence was to be displayed by the congregation, who were enjoined to worship with their heads uncovered, to kneel at the appointed times, to stand up at the creed and gospel, and to bow at the name of Jesus. Holy communion was to be celebrated as often as the prince thought fit; "smooth wafers," ritualists will be glad to learn, "were to be used for the bread," and the wine was to be mixed with water. In the sermons that were to be delivered there was to be no polemical preaching; the chaplains being directed "to confirm the doctrine and tenets of the Church of England by all positive arguments either in fundamental or moral points, and especially to apply ourselves to moral lessons to preach Christ Jesus crucified." The works of the king on theology were also to be studied and expounded.*

These directions were rendered somewhat null by the hostility which the Spaniards at once displayed towards these worthy divines, who were rudely refused permission to take up their abode in the palace, and after some little squabble had to content themselves with the safety and seclusion kindly provided for them by Lord Bristol in his own house. The Catholic clergy, however, amply compensated for this enforced silence on the part of the Protestant chaplains. No effort

* Narrative of the Spanish Marriage Treaty, by Francisco de Jesus. Edited and translated by Samuel Rawson Gardiner. Camden Society.

* State Papers—Spain, March 20, 1623, "His Majesty's Instructions to the Chaplains of the Prince."

was spared to turn the prince from the errors of his ways, to convince him of the truth and purity of the Catholic religion, and to enlighten him upon the position of the supreme pontiff, the doctrine of transubstantiation, and the heresies of all outside the pale of Rome. Charles listened with his usual courtesy, argued the different questions with no little ability, and made a favorable impression upon his instructors by the intelligence he displayed. Buckingham, on the contrary, stood haughtily aloof from the controversial ecclesiastics; he declined to enter into any discussion whatever upon the subject; and on one occasion became so excited at these attempts to pervert the prince that "he went down to a place where he could be alone, in order to shew his extreme indignation, going so far as to pull off his hat and to trample it under feet."

Meanwhile that without which no preliminary matter could even be agreed upon had arrived. Early in May a courier reached Madrid with the much-talked-of papal dispensation. The articles were numerous and full of detail, but we need only concern ourselves with the more important conditions. Briefly they were as follows. No matter was to be agreed upon without the sanction of the pope. No attempt was ever to be made to convert the infanta to Protestantism, or to speak against her religion upon her arrival in London. Upon taking up her residence in England, the infanta was to be surrounded by a household openly professing the Catholic religion, and that "no one shall dare to deride them, or offer them any discourtesy under penalty of heavy punishment;" a good-sized church was to be erected close to the establishment of the infanta, for the free and open use of the Catholics then in England. All children sprung from the marriage were to be baptized after the Catholic rite, to be educated by the infanta until they had attained the age of twelve years, and if afterwards they chose to become Catholics no obstacle was to be thrown in their way, nor was their succession to be prejudiced by their conversion. The free exercise of the Catholic religion was to be permitted throughout England, whilst all laws against English Papists were to be suspended; the oath of allegiance was to be altered, so that it might bind English Papists, "merely in temporal and political things, and not in any matter touching religion." Catholics "to some good number" were to be sworn

of the Council; and finally "everything that is sought in favor of the Catholics of England may be understood of the Catholics of Ireland and Scotland." These conditions were to be sanctioned within one year by the Privy Council and Parliament of England.

In addition to these articles, the following private instructions were at the same time enclosed to the nuncio at Madrid. As soon as the condition demanding public liberty of conscience in England had been agreed upon, the attempt to convert the prince was to be proceeded with "in all earnestness." This put in operation, the nuncio was then to demand of the king of Spain, "as a necessary condition, without which the dispensation would be null, to give assurance upon oath to the Holy See that the king of Great Britain and the prince his son would fulfil everything that for the sake of this marriage they might promise to do in matters of religion." Thus, before the prince could be united to the infanta, complete toleration had to be accorded to the Papists in England, the suspension of the penal laws against Catholics had to be approved of by the English Privy Council and Parliament, and the king of Spain had to bind himself as surety that his brother of England would carry out all that had been promised.

Meanwhile the anxious father, both at Theobald's and at Whitehall, sorely missed the society of his cherished son and the companionship of the fascinating "Steenie." James was in ill-health and worried with many fears. He did not like the long distance which separated him from the prince. He trembled lest the Spaniards should do the "swete boy" hurt, or, worse still, transform him into a Papist. There was no necessity, he considered, for the prince to remain any longer in Madrid. His presence did not hasten on the proceedings, as had been fondly hoped; and as the negotiations then stood, Bristol and Aston were quite competent to pull the strings of diplomacy without any direct interference from high quarters. James therefore wrote beseechingly to Charles to hurry home to his doting dad. He reminded the prince that it was only upon his own earnest entreaty that "I suffered you to leave me and make so far and hazardous a journey; ye know that it is without example in many ages past that a king's only son should go to woo another king's daughter." Then he bade him return, as he had already been away long enough.

You must also remember [he pleads] that I am old and not able to bear the great burden of my affairs alone, having trained you up these three or four years past in my service for this purpose; besides all this, I am mortal, and you may easily consider what a loss it would be to the whole kingdom if in your absence God should call me. Therefore I do heartily charge you upon my blessing, both by my kingly and fatherly authority, that you come presently home, in company of that worthy renowned lady your mistress, if it can be, which is my chief desire, but rather than delay come alone, for such is my absolute pleasure. You have two ships of mine already there that may well enough transport you; and so with my blessing I bid you heartily farewell.

At the same time he wrote a second letter, not merely to the prince, but to both of his "swete boyes" — Baby and Steenie — imploring them to return if they wished to see him alive.

Alas! [he mourned] I now repent me sore that ever I suffered you to go away. I care for the match nor nothing so I may once have you in my arms again. God grant it, God grant it, God grant it; Amen. Amen. Amen. I protest you shall be as heartily welcome as if you had done all things you went for, so that I may once have you in my arms again, and so God bless you both, my only sweet son and my only best sweet servant, and let me hear from you quickly with all speed as you love my life; and so God send you a happy and joyful meeting in the arms of your dear dad.*

Into all the details of this chapter of diplomacy there is at the present day little profit in entering. Those who wish to read how Charles threatened to return home unless his wishes were complied with; how James gave him *carte blanche* to act as he thought best; how he was dissuaded, and consented to agree to the conditions demanded of him, though he must have known at the time that when they came before Parliament, as come before Parliament they must, they would be indignantly repudiated; how enamored for the moment he was with the infanta; how frequent and conflicting were the communications that passed between Madrid and Whitehall; how exacting was the policy of Olivarez, how offensive was the conduct of Buckingham, and the rest—have only to read the careful narrative drawn up by the Spanish court chaplain, Fray Francisco. At last, however the political advantages, consequent upon a union between England and Spain, were considered to counterbalance the religious difficulty, and the negotiation was com-

pleted. The prince assented to the conditions imposed upon him. James too gave his consent, and the Council was forced in its turn to sanction the terms demanded by Spain. Charles declared that "he had seriously made up his mind to accept the proposals made to him with respect to religion, and also to give the securities demanded for their execution." Sir Francis Cottington, the secretary of the prince, was sent to London on a special mission, and returned

with a despatch containing the result of his negotiation with his master, which was, in fine, a public instrument written on parchment certifying the oath which had been taken, July 20, by the King and his Privy Council, by which they engaged to keep and fulfil the conditions touching religion which were demanded in respect to the marriage, and that they would observe the securities asked for.

James and the Council also pledged themselves to use their influence to persuade Parliament to support the clauses of the treaty. A courier was despatched to Rome, to inform his Holiness of what had been done, in order that he might express his approbation afresh, and all was as merry as a marriage bell. An oath sworn to by the king and his Privy Council was a very different thing to an oath merely sworn to by the sovereign himself; such a solemn assurance, it was felt at Madrid, could not be disregarded. Olivarez therefore had to change his tactics, and to express himself in favor of the union; the Junta of Theologians declared themselves satisfied with the security laid before them; the infanta was willing to be led as her counsellors advised, since she hoped, like many a fond damsel in her situation, to be able to convert her husband; whilst Charles, who only cared about gratifying the inclination which stimulated him for the moment, and never troubled himself as to the consequences attending upon it, was supremely happy. It was arranged that the ceremony of marriage should be gone through shortly after the arrival of the papal approval, though the "commemoration" of the marriage was not to take place until after the interval of a year, in order that it might be seen how far the promises as to Catholic emancipation had been carried out. This happy termination of the negotiation gave rise to much rejoicing. Madrid was illuminated, and balls, banquets, and masques were freely given by the leaders of the society of the capital.

On the 21st, being Monday [writes Sir Wal-

* State Papers—Spain, June 14, 1623.

ter Aston to Sir Dudley Carleton]* the King entertained the Prince, according to the fashion of this place, with a *fiesta* of Cañas† and Toros, in which the King entered in person and held them in celebration of the conclusion of the match betwixt the Prince and his sister. The Cañas consisted of eighty persons, whereof the King led the one half and the Duke of Zea the other. The first show that entered into the Place were sixty of his Majesty's horses led by their keepers, each of them having a large covering of crimson velvet richly embroidered with gold; then successively entered the gentlemen of the horse of divers of the principal persons of this Court, being severally accompanied with many lackeys in rich liveries, who led such horses as their masters were able to contribute to this show. The Duke of Infantado had there thirty horses and a hundred liveries; the Conde de Monterrey had a hundred liveries and fifty horses; the whole number of spare horses that were there ready to supply all occasions were three hundred and twenty-one. Then having given one turn about the Place they went forth in the same order as they entered. The King presently after took his leave of the Prince and went to dress himself for the Cañas; during his Majesty's absence, which was about an hour, the Prince was entertained with the sport of killing eight bulls according to the usual manner of that *fiesta* here. Presently after his Majesty entered, and the whole company that attended him, running two by two, crossed the great market-place. The *fiesta* was extraordinarily well performed; their clothes and their saddles were all embroidered, and the richest that have been seen in any feast here.

The conduct of the prince at this time, however, somewhat marred the festivities held in his honor. Charles was far from approving of the long interval which caution had decreed should elapse before he could really call the infanta his own. He begged that the probationary period of one year might be curtailed, and that he should be permitted to claim his bride a few months after the marriage ceremony had been gone through. It would make no difference, he said, in the carrying out of the Catholic conditions. The Junta of Theologians—who were the trustees, as it were, of the marriage settlement—however, stoutly refused to accede to this request. They answered that it

was neither possible nor right to make any change in that which had been agreed upon on this point, because the more they thought about the matter the more they were confirmed in their opinion by argument, by past history

and by the experience which arose from the accidents continually occurring.

At this refusal, Charles, who was accustomed to have his own way when he had made up his mind to have it, became petulant and combative. He complained of the doubts so constantly thrown upon his royal word, he vowed he could do nothing without the sanction of that terrible Junta of Theologians, and declared that, considering what he had gone through for the sake of the infanta, he was deserving of better treatment. His remonstrances were in vain. Then worked upon by Buckingham, who had become exceedingly unpopular in Madrid, and hated Spain accordingly and all its associations, Charles expressed his intention to return to England at once. He declined to remain any longer. A further stay in Madrid could serve no useful purpose, and as to the empty marriage ceremony, he would leave powers for its celebration in his absence. He fixed the second week in September as the date of his departure, and refused, by any condition save the one he demanded, to be turned from his purpose. If he hoped by this resolve to cause the Spanish advisers to shorten the period of probation, he was disappointed; Olivarez would not curtail a month of the time fixed.

Before quitting Madrid the prince, whose generosity was among the best traits in his character, distributed numerous costly gifts among those with whom he had come in contact during his stay in Spain. To the king he gave a diamond-hilted sword, worth twelve thousand ducats; to the queen, a diamond brooch with a pearl pendant, worth twenty-four thousand ducats; to the infanta, a tiara of diamonds, and ropes of pearls, worth eighty thousand ducats; to Don Carlos, a ring set with diamonds, of the value of five thousand ducats; to the infante cardinal, a cross, worth eight thousand ducats; to Olivarez and his countess, diamonds of the value of eighteen thousand ducats; to the ministers and others who had assisted him in the negotiation, or who had shown him hospitality, he also gave presents of a very handsome nature. It is computed that his gifts on this occasion represented a sum of nearly two hundred thousand ducats. Nor was Spanish liberality to be outdone by English generosity. To Charles, the king of Spain gave ten genets, twelve mares, and four cart-loads of rapier-blades, crossbows, pistols, and arquebuses; "the picture of Venus which was at the Prado, made by

* State Papers—Spain, August 30, 1623.

† *Fiesta de Cañas*. A sport or exercise used in Spain by gentlemen on horseback representing a fight with reeds instead of canes. (Pineda's Spanish Dictionary.)

Firicino;" and "the picture of Our Lady, St. Joseph and Christ, made by Corregio." To the members of the household of Charles, his Majesty presented horses and diamonds. We also learn that the gifts which the king of Spain always considered as the most acceptable were ambling nags, fowling-pieces, crossbows, white hawks, cormorants, Irish greyhounds, and "thumblers" [pigeons?].*

The prince quitted Madrid September 8, 1623. He parted with the infanta on the most affectionate terms, — was not his sudden departure a compliment to her, since it was caused by his not being able to claim her person sooner than her advisers had deemed expedient? — and accompanied by Philip and his two brothers, rode on to the Escorial, where he spent a couple of days. It had been the wish of the king of Spain to escort his guest to Santander, where the prince was to embark for England, but owing to the interesting condition of the queen, who was daily expecting her confinement, he had to abandon the idea. Charles and his future brother-in-law separated on the best of terms; the prince declaring that he would carry out all that he had promised, whilst the king in his turn assured him that he would do all in his power to shorten the period fixed by the theologians before the Infanta could be permitted to return to England. During the next few days, whilst Charles was riding in the scorching heat of a Spanish sun across country to Santander, an interesting correspondence took place between him and Philip. The king despatched the first epistle.

MOST ILLUSTRIOUS LORD [he wrote] — † Since it hath not been possible for me, by reason of your Highness's short departure, to accompany you to the seaside as I could wish, I have thought upon our leave-taking to tell your Highness that I do find myself so much obliged to you and to the King of Great Britain that all the power in the world together shall not remove me the less point from the punctual performance of all that hath been agreed and settled with your Highness, as also any other thing that shall hereafter be requisite to agree upon for the more firm and strict assurances of friendship and alliance. And I do promise your Highness to root out and dissipate whatsoever cross and hindrance in my kingdoms that shall be against this, and I hope am confident that your Highness and the King of Great Britain shall also do the like. Our in-

tentions being the same, for I will and desire what your Highness and the King of Great Britain shall will and desire, and in token and testimony of this confidence and true friendship I protest what I have said and I give my hand and my arms to your Highness.

The following day the king again wrote to the prince.

I shall always remain [he said] with that care and solicitude that the obligations and the love and estimation I owe to your Highness requires, until I receive news of your arrival. I am arrived in Madrid in good health, thanks be to God, and I have found the Queen and my sister in good health. All they do kiss your Highness's hands.

News had reached the palace that Charles had made out his journey to Segovia with perfect safety, and in spite of the intense heat was pushing on to Santander by way of Olmedo and Carrion. Philip once more wrote to him begging him to be careful, and to remember that the sun in Spain was very different to what it was in foggy England.

I cannot choose [says his most Catholic Majesty] but to quarrel with your Highness for your travelling so in the heat of the sun, so hot, for it cannot be otherwise, but that it will be very hurtful to your health, a thing which I do so much desire it should not happen, and so I cannot omit to entreat your Highness most particularly that you would by all means forbear travelling at such hours in which the sun may offend your Highness. In these parts the heat is grown so great and so violent that it seemeth that summer is but now a beginning.

To the first letter received from the king the prince returned the following reply: * —

I can receive no manner of comfort since my absence from your Majesty, nor out of the solitariness that I am in, since I am deprived of the favor and contentment which I received in your Majesty's company, unless it be by the excuse of your Majesty's resolution to bring me to the seaside upon my short departure, and the Queen's Majesty being so great with child and the heat being so great your Majesty would put your health in hazard. And I wish that your Majesty may have it certain and perfect, being it doth import to the King my lord and father and me, as I have known by experience through your Majesty's love and affection, as also in that which your Majesty hath written to me with your own hand. And therefore I have been willing to tell your Majesty with mine own that I do not only hold and go with a firm and constant resolution to accomplish all those things which my father and

* State Papers — Spain, August and October, 1623.

† State Papers: Spain — St. Lorenzo [the Escorial] September 12, 1623. Among the Spanish State Papers there are eleven of these letters.

* State Papers: Spain — Segovia, September 13, 1623.

I have treated and accorded with your Majesty, but also to do all other things that shall be necessary to strengthen and bind as much as shall be possible fraternity and sincere love with your Majesty. And although all the world together would oppose and hinder it, yet they shall not, neither with my father nor me, have any effect; rather we will declare ourselves for enemies to those that shall attempt it. And in testimony of this true love I protest all that I have said and I have given my hands and arms to your Majesty whom God save as I desire.

CHARLES P.

In spite of the warmth of these protestations Charles was acting at this very time with true Stuart treachery and double dealing. On his leaving Madrid he had placed in the hands of Bristol the necessary powers for the celebration of the marriage in his absence as soon as the papal approval had been received. It had been arranged that ten days after the arrival of the papal approbation the marriage ceremony was to take place. This proxy Charles now revoked in the following letter which he sent from Segovia by a secret messenger: *—

BRISTOL,—You may remember that a little before I came from Laureco [St. Lorenzo, the Escorial] I spoke to you concerning a fear I had that the infanta might be forced to go into a monastery after she is betrothed, which you know she may do with a dispensation. Though at that time I was loath to press it because I thought it fit at the time of my parting to eschew distaste or dispute as much as I could: yet since considering that if I should be betrothed before that doubt be removed, and that upon ill-grounded suspicion or other cause whatsoever they should take this way to break the marriage, the King my father and all the world might justly condemn me for a rash-headed fool not to foresee and prevent this in time. Wherefore I thought it necessary by this letter to command you not to deliver my proxy to the King of Spain until I may have sufficient security both from him and the infanta that after I am betrothed a monastery may not rob me of my wife. And after you have gotten this security send with all possible speed to me, that if I find it sufficient (as I hope I shall) I may send you order by the delivering of my proxy to despatch the marriage. So not doubting but that you will punctually observe this command I rest your loving friend,

CHARLES P.

The ostensible reason which gave rise to this revocation was, as we see, that Charles pretended to be fearful that his future wife, if the conditions as to Catholic emancipation in England were not carried out, might be immured in a convent; but the real reason was that the prince, then much concerned at the parlous state

of the Palatinate, was desirous of finding a loophole of escape from his past engagements and an opportunity to impose fresh conditions. Upon the death of the emperor Matthias, Bohemia and Hungary objected to the rule of his successor, Ferdinand of Gratz. The Bohemians formally deposed Ferdinand, and named Frederick V., the elector Palatine, who had married Elizabeth, the daughter of James of England, as their king, whilst Bethlen Gabor, voeviod of Transylvania, was proclaimed king of Hungary. The Catholic princes espoused the cause of Ferdinand, and the Protestants the cause of Frederick. The Catholics triumphed; Frederick was totally routed near Prague, put under the ban of the empire, and was robbed of the fair provinces of the Palatinate. To recover his former dominions was the one aim of Frederick, and he was supported in his futile attempts, after a tardy and hesitating fashion, by his father-in-law. In marrying his son Charles to the infanta, James had thought that Spain would offer her assistance, and through her aid Frederick would be restored to power. Olivarez was however in favor of extending and not limiting the influence of the house of Austria, and threw the coldest of water upon any suggestions that Spain should unite with England for the recovery of the Palatinate. The Conde-Duque did not care one jot for Protestant England, but he cared much for Catholic Germany. At first when the question of the marriage of the infanta with the Prince of Wales was under discussion, the claims of the Palatinate had been introduced among the articles of the treaty; but upon the discovery of the opposition of Spain to such foreign matter, Bristol thought it prudent to postpone all question of the Palatinate to a more favorable opportunity. Charles himself being passionately attached to his sister and devoted to her cause, had more than once broached the subject to Olivarez, but on perceiving the hostility his views encountered, had thought, like Bristol, that it was wiser to wait for a more auspicious occasion. That moment he considered had now arrived. He was engaged to the infanta, he had pledged himself to carry out certain promises, he had been dictated to by a foreign power—the giving, in his opinion, was not to be all on one side, and he now resolved that the assistance of Spain in recovering the Palatinate should be one of the conditions of the marriage. In this determination he was supported on his return to England by James, by Buckingham—who, from the frequent

* State Papers—Spain, September 24, 1623.

snubbings he had received on the other side of the Pyrenees, was most anxious to break off the Spanish match — and by the members of the Privy Council, who, knowing that their oaths would not be ratified by Parliament, were not sorry at seeing new difficulties created.

HONEST WATT — [wrote Charles to Sir Walter Aston shortly after his arrival in England], — * The King my Father has sent a command to Bristol not to deliver my proxie untill we may know certainlie what the King of Spaine will doe concerning the Palatinat, if you fynd that this doe make them startle give them all the assurance that you can thinke of that I doe realie intend and desyer this match, and the chief end of this is that wee may be as well hartie frends as neer allyes, and to deal freele with you so that we may have satisfaction concerning the Pallatinat I will be content to forget all ill usage and be hartie frends, but if not I can never match wher I have had so dry entertainment although I shall be infinitlie sorrie for the lose of the Infanta. So intreating you to give my Mistress at all occasions assurance of my constant love and service, I rest your constant loving friend,

CHARLES P.

The simple fact was that the old Stuart failing was at the bottom of this change of policy. James was in want of money; he had to meet his Parliament, and he saw that the Spanish alliance was not approved of by the nation, that loud murmurs had been raised as to the conditions relative to the emancipation of the Catholics, and that the people at large were hotly in favor, Spanish aid or not, of waging war to recover the Palatinate. Charles in his turn, now that he was removed from the fascinating presence of the infanta, allowed himself, with his usual instability of character, to be easily led, and to be influenced entirely by the counsels of Buckingham. That his heart was consoled without difficulty is evident from the negotiations which now ensued between London and Paris, touching a union, in case the Spanish match fell through, between the prince and Henrietta Maria. Though the union with Spain was still on the *tapis*, and Charles had been only a few days before loud in his professions of fidelity to the infanta, yet he did not scruple to express his readiness to entertain the proposal, and, if required, to substitute the daughter of France for the daughter of Spain. Absence, instead of making the heart of the prince grow fonder, had on this occasion caused Charles, it would appear, seriously

to reflect upon the character of the negotiations of the past. He thought over his disputes with the divines, of the irritating interference of the Junta of Theologians, of the strictness of the fashion in which he had been kept to the conditions imposed upon him, of the system of espionage which had always attended upon his interviews with the infanta, of the opposition of Olivarez, and the dislike evinced towards him by bigoted grandees on account of his being a heretic, and of the rest of the annoyances to which he had been subject during the past few months. At Madrid he had been intoxicated, excited, and ready to swear and do anything; but now in London, he became sobered, irritated with himself, and not a little vindictive. Thus, under the influence of the jaundiced counsels of Buckingham, he saw how distasteful to his future subjects were the conditions that he had entered into, and how impossible it was for him to carry out the promises he had pledged himself to perform. He had no alternative but to eat his words, and sneak out as best he could — out of his engagements. He was still perfectly willing, he magnificently admitted, to marry the infanta, but then his views upon the matter must be accepted; that is to say, the Catholic conditions must no longer be insisted upon, as a *sine quâ non* the Palatinate must be recovered by Spanish help, and the infanta must come over to England shortly after the ceremony of marriage had been gone through. Under such circumstances he certainly would marry the infanta; but should his terms not be acceded to, why then should he trouble himself any further in the matter? Was there not the fair daughter of France in reserve for him? Better Henrietta Maria with the approval of the English people, than the infanta with all her wealth and without such approval.

As we know, the Spanish match was broken off, and the romantic ride to Madrid had been undertaken in vain. The king of Spain was willing to meet the demands of James half-way, but he declined to comply with them wholly and unconditionally. The restitution of the Palatinate, he very truly said, had never been made a condition of the marriage, and it was impossible to think that under any circumstances he could wage war against the emperor. He would, however, suggest a compromise. Let the elector Palatine make a due submission to the emperor, let his eldest son marry a daughter of the emperor, let Frederick consent to abdicate, then on the death of the Duke of

* State Papers: Spain — Royston, October 8, 1623. The letter is in the prince's handwriting. I have not altered the spelling.

Bavaria, his eldest son would be re-established in the electoral dignity. These terms were refused, and the engagement between the infanta and Charles was definitely at an end. The infanta ceased to bear the title of Princess of Wales, and returned the jewels that had been given her. Bristol was recalled to become the sport of the vindictiveness of Buckingham; English troops were despatched to assist in the recovery of the Palatinate; and instead of the treaty of amity, which the Spanish match was supposed to draw up and consolidate, a war with Spain ensued. Such was the end of this romance. In this instance the conduct of the youth painfully foreshadows the conduct of the man, and Charles Prince of Wales proves himself a true predecessor of the Charles who was afterwards to be king of England. The lad who allowed himself to be guided by the evil councils of a domineering and intolerant favorite, who solemnly promised what he knew he was incapable of performing, who calmly abandoned her he had sworn to love the moment difficulties stood in the way, and who without scruple or hesitation repudiated his obligations and threw over his pledges, was indeed the forerunner of the king who gave sureties to his Commons, and then sought to evade them, who was lavish in promise but knavish in performance, who to gain his own immediate ends was careless as to what tortuous course he pursued, and who when it suited his selfish purpose deserted Strafford, as meanly as he had eighteen years before deserted the infanta. The history of the personal rule of our first Charles is but the sequel to the history of the Spanish match.

ALEX. CHARLES EWALD.

From The Spectator.

MR. TROLLOPE AS CRITIC.

IN Mr. Trollope's "Autobiography" he gives us a brief estimate both of his own works of fiction, and, to some extent, at least, of the novels of his contemporaries. What does one gather from these chapters of his own power as a critic? Certainly this,—that his critical powers did not in any degree approach the calibre of his creative and constructive powers. That he had a substantially sound judgment on such matters is a matter of course, for the great characteristic of all his novels is knowledge of the world; and a perfect knowledge of the world, even taken alone, implies that there could not have

been in him any wide deviation from the healthy taste of cultivated Englishmen. Mr. Trollope's taste in novels was doubtless a sound one. Especially in relation to the novels of domestic life he was an admirable judge. He thought for a long time that Miss Austen's "Pride and Prejudice" was the best novel in the English language. Then he placed "Ivanhoe" above it. Then he accorded the highest position to Thackeray's "Esmond." Whether the finest critical judgment would endorse these views we greatly doubt, but they are sufficiently in accordance with the average judgment of educated men to show the thorough sanity of Mr. Trollope's taste. Again, of the novelists of his day, he puts George Eliot second to Thackeray, and greatly prefers the novels of her first period, those down to and including "Silas Marner," to her later tales. He has no high estimate of Dickens's knowledge of human nature, thinks his pathos somewhat false in ring, and cannot even justify to his own judgment the vast popularity of Dickens's humor. Of Bulwer, Mr. Trollope's estimate is altogether low, and though he recognizes his great talent, he finds mannerism and affectation in all his works. Of Wilkie Collins and his school, again, Mr. Trollope speaks with great frankness and good sense. It vexes him that "the author seems always to be warning me to remember that something happened at exactly half past two o'clock on Tuesday morning; or that a woman disappeared from the road just fifteen yards beyond the fourth milestone." Again, on his own works,—whether he judges with delicacy, or not,—Mr. Trollope's judgment is thoroughly sane. He prefers the Barse-shire series to any other class of his novels, and thinks "The Last Chronicle of Barset" the best of the series. He could remember less, he said, of "The Belton Estate" than of any book he had ever written, and doubtless there was less of his own mind in it than in any book he ever wrote. All these opinions show Mr. Trollope's judgment, we do not say to be of the highest kind,—his estimate of Dickens's humor seems to us palpably and absurdly defective,—but thoroughly healthy and marked by the right tendencies. But there was very little of the finest elements of the critic in him. No great critic, we take it, could possibly have preferred Thackeray's "Esmond," with all its skill and fineness of texture, to the overflowing wealth and power of "Vanity Fair." In "Esmond," Thackeray's creative power was certainly much less prodigious

gal, much less magnificent in its effects, than it was in "Vanity Fair." Again, even in "Esmond," Mr. Trollope does not single out anything like the finest scene, when he selects Lady Castlewood's defence of Henry Esmond to the Duke of Hamilton, as the scene of the book. Thackeray rose far higher in the passion of the scene in which Lady Castlewood welcomes Henry Esmond back from the Continent, after the even-song in Winchester Cathedral, than in that of the scene with the Duke of Hamilton. Indeed Thackeray is almost always much greater when he paints the unchecked overflow of a woman's love, than when he paints her in a dramatic position addressing herself to a number of hearers. His passion is tender and deep; in the scenes of social effect he cannot help showing that he is not only a painter of the heart, but a satirist of the weaknesses of men.

The truth was, as is evident from his "Autobiography," that Mr. Trollope, knowing how inferior is the function of criticism to the function of creative genius, never recognized the distinction between the two, and was not aware that, as a rule, vast creative power is too active, too positive, to be receptive and to discriminate very finely the shades of effect in the works of other authors. It is comparatively seldom that redundant creative power is accompanied by fine critical power. Sir Walter Scott, the most powerful by far of all English novelists, was, like Mr. Trollope himself, a sound and sensible, but by no means a fine critic. Sir Walter was too much occupied by the hardy and teeming life in his own brain to lend fully his imaginative life to the service of others. It is the same with Dickens, and apparently even with George Eliot. What is wanted for truly fine criticism is the receptive side of the poet, without an imagination so teeming as to interfere with the fullest exercise of the receptive powers. Some of the best criticisms of our century have been the criticisms of Goethe and of Matthew Arnold, both of them fine poets, but both of them poets without hurry of creative impulse, without imaginative idiosyncrasy so preponderant as to prevent them from fully submitting their minds to the influence of other men of genius of whose work they desired to form a true estimate. Nothing can be less like such a temperament as this than the temperament of Mr. Trollope. Let us see how he himself describes his own creative power, and the manner in which it worked:—

I had long since convinced myself that in

such work as mine the great secret consisted in acknowledging myself to be bound to rules of labor similar to those which an artisan or a mechanic is forced to obey. A shoemaker, when he has finished one pair of shoes, does not sit down and contemplate his work in idle satisfaction. "There is my pair of shoes finished at last! What a pair of shoes it is!" The shoemaker who so indulged himself would be without wages half his time. It is the same with a professional writer of books. An author may, of course, want time to study a new subject. He will at any rate assure himself that there is some such good reason why he should pause. He does pause, and will be idle for a month or two while he tells himself how beautiful is that last pair of shoes which he has finished! Having thought much of all this, and having made up my mind that I could be really happy only when I was at work, I had now quite accustomed myself to begin a second pair as soon as the first was out of my hands.

And yet though Mr. Trollope has almost always begun one novel on the day succeeding that on which the previous novel was finished, he has, he tells us, been entirely wrapped up in his creations, and has lived his life with them as if they were the inhabitants of his own world:—

But the novelist has other aims than the elucidation of his plot. He desires to make his readers so intimately acquainted with his characters that the creatures of his brain should be to them speaking, moving, living, human creatures. This he can never do unless he know those fictitious personages himself, and he can never know them unless he can live with them in the full reality of established intimacy. They must be with him as he lies down to sleep, and as he wakes from his dreams. He must learn to hate them and to love them. He must argue with them, quarrel with them, forgive them, and even submit to them. He must know of them whether they be cold-blooded or passionate, whether true or false, and how far true, and how far false. The depth and the breadth, and the narrowness and the shallowness of each should be clear to him. And as here, in our outer world, we know that men and women change,—become worse or better as temptation or conscience may guide them,—so should these creations of his change, and every change should be noted by him. On the last day of each month recorded, every person in his novel should be a month older than on the first. If the would-be novelist have aptitudes that way, all this will come to him without much struggling; but if it do not come, I think he can only make novels of wood. It is so that I have lived with my characters, and thence has come whatever success I have obtained. There is a gallery of them, and of all in that gallery I may say that I know the tone of the voice, and the color of the hair, every flame of the eye, and the very clothes they wear. Of each man I could assert whether he would have said

these or the other words; of every woman, whether she would then have smiled or so have frowned. When I shall feel that this intimacy ceases, then I shall know that the old horse should be turned out to grass.

Is it possible that an author who has lived this sort of imaginative life for day after day during thirty years, giving himself no rest, but entering a new imaginary world on the very morrow of the day on which he quitted the world which had just grown familiar to him, should be capable of that fine receptivity of mind which is requisite to appreciate with any delicacy the productions of others? It seems to us quite certain that neither Sir Walter Scott nor Mr. Trollope, — both of whom, in their very different spheres, led this kind of imaginative life, — did appreciate with any delicacy the productions of others. Nor could Mr. Trollope give us a better proof of this than his very unhappy remark in relation to Lady Eustace of "The Eustace Diamonds." "As I wrote the book, the idea constantly presented itself to me that Lizzie Eustace was but a second Becky Sharpe; but in planning the character I had not thought of this, and I believe that Lizzie would have been just as she is, though Becky Sharpe had never been described." Mr. Trollope need not have given us this assurance. He might almost as well have warned us that Archdeacon Grantley was not taken from Shakespeare's "Wolsey." Becky Sharp, — he spells her wrongly, as he does also Colonel Newcome, whom he repeatedly calls Colonel Newcombe, — is a type of the infinite resource and unscrupulous genius of feminine intrigue, — a type of audacious craft as rich and humorous, and as full of the buoyant energy of selfishness, as Iago is rich and unscrupulous and full of buoyant malignity and evil. Lizzie Eustace is a treacherous, cunning little drawing-room woman, of no humor, no great power, and far, indeed, from the dimensions of Becky Sharp. If Mr. Trollope had compared Lizzie Eustace to Thackeray's Blanche Amory, he would have been nearer the mark. Becky Sharp is one of the greatest creations of Thackeray's genius. Lizzie Eustace is not even one of the best creations of Mr. Trollope's.

Indeed, one of the best evidences that Mr. Trollope's power is not in the main of that receptive kind which makes the critic, is the great inferiority of his women to his men. We agree with him that Lily Dale is a good deal of a prig. But we do not agree with him in any depth of admiration for Lucy Robarts, or indeed for any

other of his heroines, though we like Grace Crawley the best. The feminine essence is beyond the reach of men unless they be true poets, and never was there a man of great creative power who had less of the poet in him than Mr. Trollope. He speaks of the necessity of a certain rhythm and harmony of style, but his own victories were achieved in spite of a style that was almost painfully devoid of grace or inward expressiveness. He has what we may call a bouncing style, — not, of course, a style of bounce, but the style of a bouncing ball, — one not ineffective to produce the impression that the events narrated by Mr. Trollope are real events, happening to real people, and reported by a real observer, — but effective rather because it is the style of a reporter hurrying on with the chronicle of matters which he has undertaken punctually to note down, than because it reflects any profound impression made on the feelings and imagination of the narrator. His style is clear, business-like, rapidly moving, noisy, and a little defiant, as if the writer would be beforehand with you, and wished to assert his own right to be heard before you had had time to dispute that right. It is a hard and rather dictatorial style, that does not seem so much to come from deep-felt impressions as from certain knowledge. That is a good style to produce the sense of reality, but it is not the style of a fine critic, and though Mr. Trollope was a sensible critic, — as indeed he was sensible in everything, — a fine critic, even of his own writings, he was not. And for the same reason, probably, he was not a successful editor. His editing of the *St. Paul's Magazine* was conventional. He did not really know how to use contributors, how to make the most of them. Mr. Trollope's stories were well spun out of the imagination of a keen and vigilant observer; but all his observing power was assimilated in the work of creation, was used up as the flax is used up in the making of linen, and apparently he had little opportunity left for reflecting on the works of others, and for discriminating the fine threads and delicate colors by the use of which they had made their work characteristic and unique.

From The Leeds Mercury.
WHITBY IN THE HERRING SEASON.

It is a glorious evening as the boats move out to seek for a favorable spot to "shoot" the enormous expanse of browa

net, which, buoyed at the top and weighted at the bottom, is to hang in the water, a huge barrier and trap for any shoal in the line of whose path it may be spread. The nets having been "shot," the boats lie by them all night, and on this calm night, which tempts the visitor to another and yet another turn on the pier in the starlight, the twinkling mast-head lights encircle the bay with a ring of fire-spots, and give the impression of a vast and silent city suddenly sprung from the sea. With the morning comes the rush of toil. The nets have to be hauled on board and the fish extricated from the meshes, and then off to the shore with all speed, sails spread if the breeze favors, and if not, then with hard labor at the oars. It is a race for local fame and comparative wealth, for the first boat-load of fish to hand may save a train and command a better price than the ruck will get. To-day the tide does not serve; the little harbor is empty to the pier-heads, save for the dribbling channel of the river, whose mouth forms the harbor here. The fleet lies at anchor in the roads, and the smaller cobbles scurry in, deep down by the stern, with the finny prize. The struggle is to get as near as possible to the part of the quay-side where the auction sales are held, for all the fish is sold in that manner. The herrings lie by thousands in a boat, and men and women are up to their knees amongst them, counting them into baskets, two in each hand to a "cast," and thirty-two casts to a "hundred." The fish are rapidly carried up the slippery stone steps on the heads of lissom women or on the shoulders of strapping men, and a sample hundred is turned out on the stones for inspection. Now the auctioneer steps forward and rings his bell; quickly the bidding is done, and the lot seized by the dealer's men, and tumbled into barrels, with a sprinkling of coarse salt and a topping of ice. A canvas cover is fastened on, and in quick time carts are rattling off to the station with a load which before night will be distributed to consumers in some far inland town. Now with the incoming tide come the boats thick and fast, the men straining every nerve to secure a good unloading berth at the quay-side. The complications are astonishing, and to a landsman a disaster of some sort seems inevitable. But the quick self-reliance which seems to be bred of the sea enables the men to get their boats triumphantly out of every difficulty. The scene on the quay is one of great animation and excitement, fashionable visitors and frowsy town loungers are

mixed up with the busy crowd of blue guernseys and yellow oilskins and seven-league boots, which form the characteristic and picturesque attire of the bronzed, stalwart, handsome men who surge round the auction mart, anxiously regarding the fluctuations of price. The laggards of the fleet have now come in and have discharged their cargo, and nothing remains but to mend broken nets and rearrange matters on board the boats preparatory to the snatching by the men of a brief spell of idleness before the summons "All hands aboard" calls them to another night of toil. It is not always that such a sight is to be seen even in Whitby; the harvest of the sea is in richer profusion than usual, and the spectacle is one of unwonted interest. The method of landing the fish strikes the visitor as being of the most primitive kind, involving much waste of energy; but the fact that whilst one boat may secure thousands of fish, its next neighbor may only get as many hundred, may make it impossible to adopt any more expeditious arrangements. Apart from this exhibition of the fishing industry, Whitby has many points of interest for the seeker of health. Across the swing bridge a narrow lane of squalid houses leads to a flight of stone steps, and the entrance to the old church which crowns the height of the crumbling cliff, which in its advancing ruin has already carried away part of the churchyard, with graves and tombstones, and now threatens the church itself with inevitable destruction. From this cliff, with the ruins of St. Hilda's Abbey at our back, the view is magnificent. The harbor and the old town are at our feet. On the left hand the river winds up the woody valley to where the purple heather adds a charm of color to the moorland hills. In front, across the harbor, is the fashionable quarter, high up on the corresponding cliffs, at whose base are the hard yellow sands, where all day long the merry children sport in the tumbling blue. To the right is the German Ocean—the treasure-house of food for England's thousands—where, in the distance, the busy steamers speed from port to port. To-day the sea glistens in the sunlight, in the perfection of calm beauty; but when the strong north-east winds drive the foaming billows in upon this coast, the fishing industry is a terrible risk to all who are engaged in it; and the honor which we accord to brave men is due to those who face the resistless sea to wrest a meagre subsistence from its uncertain stores.